

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *Murray's Handbook for Travellers in Switzerland and the Alps of Savoy and Piedmont.* Seventh edition. 1856.
2. *The Story of Mont Blanc.* By Albert Smith. Second edition. 1854.
3. *Wanderings in the High Alps.* By Alfred Wills, Barrister-at-Law. London, 1856.
4. *Where there's a Will there's a Way: an Ascent of Mont Blanc by a new Route and without Guides.* By the Rev. Charles Hudson and Edward Shirley Kennedy, B. A. London, 1856.
5. *Voyages dans les Alpes;—Partie Pittoresque des Ouvrages de H. B. de Saussure.* Troisième édition. 12mo. Paris, 1855.
6. *Untersuchungen über der Physikalische Geographie der Alpen.* Von Herman Schlagintweit und Adolphe Schlagintweit. Leipzig, 1850.
7. *Neue Untersuchungen* [by the same], *with Atlas.* Leipzig, 1854.
8. *Topographische Mittheilungen aus dem Alpengebirge.* Von Gottlieb Studer. Bern, 1843.
9. *Die Seitenthäler des Wallis und der Monterosa.* Von Melchior Ulrich. Zurich, 1850.
10. *Die Bergkrankheit, oder der Einfluss des Erstiegens grosser Höhen auf den thierischen Organismus.* Von Dr. Conrad Meyer-Ahrens. Leipzig, 1854.
11. *On Mountain Beauty (being Vol. IV. of Modern Painters).* By John Ruskin, M. A. 1856.

A PERIODICAL writer said lately of a deceased poet that "he wanted an out-of-door mind." The deficiency is not an uncommon one. It occurs both in the old and the young, in large classes of all civilized peoples, and in persons of otherwise the most opposite tendencies and tastes. If it is lamentable to see young persons engrossed by the frivolities of metropolitan life, it is hardly less sad to find others, of the fairest promise and even commanding ability, spending their manhood in studies of a merely speculative or imaginative cast, remote from the interests of humanity and the glorious realities of the natural world. They have limbs endowed with elastic muscles, fresh and healthy blood circulates in their young veins; their eye is clear, their step is firm,

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yet the former is cramped in its range to the pages of a book—the latter is doomed to expend its spring against the resisting pavement of the streets. Let such persons cultivate the "out-of-door mind;" and for doing so, we cannot recommend a better school than Switzerland, or a better grammar than Mr. Murray's handbook—dear to pedestrians.

It is true that there are fair outlets for the lovers of scenery in our own island; and many of our intensest admirers of Nature have passed their apprenticeship in Wales, the English lakes, or the Highlands; but it is equally certain that the Alpenstock and the knapsack are thoroughly naturalized in no country except Switzerland, and that its glorious scenery has awakened in the breasts of many, who never felt such impressions before, a love of Nature and a spirit of independence in thought and action, which the tamer character of our own mountains and the more familiar occurrences of a traveller's daily life in these islands have often failed to impart. The nomadic life becomes, during summer, epidemic in Switzerland. Men—ay, and women too—of all civilized nations communicate the infection;—Chamouni and Grindelwald allure even the indifferent and the timid; but though their rocks and ice be annually trodden by thousands of irreclaimable cockneys and Parisians devoted to Tortoni's and the Champs Elysées, they are yet touchstones by which the qualities of the aspirant may be tried; and he who does not feel his step lighter and his breath freer on the Montanvert and the Wengern Alp, may be classed amongst the incapables,\* and permitted to return in peace to paddle in a skiff on the lake of Geneva, or to loiter in the salons of Baden-Baden.

Strange, on the other hand, is the metamorphosis which even a very ordinary Al-

\* We have much sympathy with Mr. Ruskin's remark, that "it is a great weakness, not to say worse than weakness, on the part of the travellers, to extol always chiefly what they think fewest people have seen or can see. I have climbed much, and wandered much, in the heart of the High Alps; but I have never yet seen any thing which equalled the view from the cabin of the Montanvert."—*On Mountain Beauty*, p. 181.

pine walk produces in the youth nurtured perhaps in the self-indulgent habits of a tranquil home, or whose tastes have been conformed to the gentlemanly routine of an Oxford college. His ideas of sustained exertion do not go beyond a cricket or a rowing-match; his school for scenery may not extend beyond a few miles of a trouting<sup>s</sup> stream near his country home, and his stiffest climb is perhaps a hill in the Peak or a *tor* on Exmoor. Of personal privations he has experienced absolutely none. He cannot have felt that his chance for a meal or for shelter depends upon his walking for six or eight or ten hours over a rugged mountain, where unknown and what may to him appear insurmountable difficulties may intervene: nay, that at times even his life may, as it were, be placed in his hands. A false step, a passing giddiness, an instant's hesitation in avoiding a detached rock rolling with the momentum of a cannon-ball, may hurry him to destruction. These are thoughts that make the most mercurial grave, that give a decision and force to a naturally capable, but timid and hesitating disposition, of which it is hard to overrate the value. We have all lately heard much of the influence of even remote chances of danger on the minds of our gallant officers and soldiers; we have heard much of the transition from the indolence of barrack life to the privation and risk of the battle-field, and the sobering, humanizing effect which it produced on minds possessing any tinge of nobleness of character. An Alpine journey is perhaps the nearest approach to a campaign with which the ordinary civilian has a chance of meeting. He has some of the excitements, and many of the difficulties and privations of warfare, without any of its disgusting and dreadful features. He combats only the elements, storms only the fortresses of nature, yet he has continually in his mind the consciousness of the power by which he is surrounded, and at times overawed. He cannot be insensible to the possibility of occurrences placed wholly beyond his control—a whirlwind or a fog, a new fissure in the ice or a critical thaw—which, if they do not arouse his fears, may frustrate in an hour, nay, a moment, the best-laid plans. Then in such crises his trust—after God—must be in the humble, hardy fellow, whom in other cir-

cumstances he might treat as an inferior, but whom now a community of interests and perils renders a friend indeed; whose counsels are to be regarded, whose experience is to be valued, whose steps are to be followed; nay, with whom he may be willing and thankful to lie down as familiarly as with a brother in the exposed cleft on the hill-side, where necessity may compel him to pass the night, and by the communication of mutual warmth hinder both from freezing.

But apart from such serious risks and unusual exertions, the mountaineering life has in it elements of manly regimen which can come amiss to few, and which we have known to change totally, and in one short summer, the character of delicately brought up and unadventurous youths, so that they became self-reliant, enduring, and full of resource, presence of mind, and enthusiastic love of nature. In point of corporal development also, having well-knit limbs, powerful lungs, erect gait, and fearless weather-beaten countenance, in exchange for physical timidity, dyspepsy, and a student's dreamy bashfulness and pallor.

Habitually to exercise the muscular powers even to fatigue is part of a masculine education. He to whom physical endurance and the toil of the limbs are unknown is deficient in a knowledge of what belongs to him as a man. We have never sympathized much with those philanthropists who regard mechanical toil as in any sense degrading. The "sweat of the brow," though part of the primæval curse, is not, in its relation to our fallen nature, in itself an evil. The necessity of toil is rather a blessing, though it may be a badge of the level to which our physical estate has descended. A certain amount of daily labor is a condition of well-being, bodily and mental, and even a full and compulsory measure of it is far preferable to the lot of indolence and supineness which many fancy to be delightful. The beneficial influence of ordinary exercise in removing the pressure of care, and the ill effects of anxiety and of intellectual application, are so familiar as to be proverbial. A greater amount of muscular toil, such as day by day may be repeated without excessive fatigue, is a tonic to the system, of which few who have tried it will deny the efficacy. The charms of repose cannot be known without the excitement of exertion.

That man, we repeat, has not done justice to the capacities of his nature, both for action and for enjoyment, who has not exercised his limbs as well as his head; who, besides recognizing the pleasure of intellectual conquest, has not felt the physical exultation consequent on the triumph over mechanical difficulties.

Take, for example, even the most ordinary style of a pedestrian tour in an Alpine country. The day begins with him at least two or three hours sooner than at home. He rises with the consciousness of having a well-filled day before him, certain that before evening closes he will have laid up memories of what is charming and sublime. Accoutred and on foot, whilst the horizontal morning rays touch the mountain tops still far above him with a milder radiance than the glowing tints of sunset, he proceeds, knapsack on his back and the trusty Alpine pole in his hand, through the comparative obscurity of the lower valleys, where the sun will not penetrate for hours, and brushes from the grass the plentiful dew which heralds calm and bright days, especially in autumn. He has indeed many a league before him, but of that he reckons not. His sinews are braced by the refreshment of perfect repose and the keen yet not too penetrating mountain air, which, blowing at this time of the morning from the heads of the valleys, meets him in the face, and gives such elasticity to his whole frame, that he with difficulty restrains his march within the sober limit which experience, and the consideration of the prospective heats of noon, and the length of his journey, impose. If he has a guide, the dogged pace of that unimpassioned monitor will soon bring this to his remembrance; if not, he quotes for himself the Shakspearean adage:

"To climb steep hills  
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like  
A fretful horse, who, being allowed his way,  
Self-mettle tires him."

From paths through fields, where in passing he receives from the early peasant the customary greeting, he advances probably into the forest region where the pine and larch, alternating with the more formal spruce, tower towards the sky, disclosing at intervals summits of snow or bare rock on either hand, between which our traveller is passing, bound we may suppose for a pass or

Col at the head of a valley, and tolerably regardless of lesser mountains thus left behind. Yet, at intervals, the roar of a cataract on the right or left attracts his attention to an opening in the massive wall, and permits him a peep into the depths of that wilderness of hills, where snowy basins feed the ever-moving glacier, which in its turn sends forth the discolored torrent, whose noise first called his attention to the scene, and which thunders on increasingly as the more vertical noontide sun dissolves the icy fountains whence it flows.

But now the trees are rarer. Glades of shorter turf, bedizened with more purely Alpine flowers, offer to the pedestrian the very ideal of pastoral scenery. And now the scanty trees wear a rugged aspect, the upper limit of forests is gained, though a harder trunk here and there throws its gnarled arms outwards, its roots fast clenching the rocks which alone enable it to resist the tempest, or a whole tree of statelier growth than its neighbors—a relic of a former age—stands leafless and barkless, bleached to a spectral whiteness by the tempests of many a year.

And here the main toil of the day commences; the ascent becomes steep if not precipitous; the shade of the forest is left behind, the hill-breeze of the morning is gone, and the sun's rays shoot more vertically on the head of the traveller, now fully exposed to their force. At length, tired but not beaten, and seeing the limit of his present toil but a short way before him, he stops to refresh himself with the fare he has brought with him, and rests by the side of some bubbling spring on the green mountain slope till he has acquired new vigor for the remainder of the march. Dear are the recollections of these noonday halts to every wanderer in Switzerland. The perfect solemn stillness of mountain solitudes—broken only by the distant tinkle of the cattle-bells far below, soothes his spirit and encourages the dreamy feeling of repose which succeeds to active exertion. The exhilarating combination of solar warmth with cool bracing mountain air, so dry as to remove all perception of chill or relaxation, soon repairs his forces. Then, turning in the direction of his morning's walk, he traces, as in bird's eye view, its course; he looks down on the summit of the hill from under whose foot he had started;

he traces the opening of each valley and the course of every stream which he has crossed, while in the farther distance rises a panorama of hills which separate him from the sunny plains and the calm waters of one of the greater Swiss lakes, whilst an undistinguishable haze seems to prolong the horizon to infinity.

When fully refreshed, our wayfarer once more faces the acclivity, and in an hour or so steps upon the ridge which has been his goal since morning. Here one of the chief joys of the pedestrian awaits him. He has been for some time intent on the single object of making his way over the bare and gloomy rocks or the mountainous snowy patches which he has to climb, with as little effort as he may. He is conscious of fatigue chiefly by the concentration of his thoughts on the objects immediately under his feet, till at length, on clambering over a mound of slaty debris, or extricating himself from a jagged and tortuous goat-track in the rock, or more rarely by marching almost on a level through a colossal portal by which nature points the way from one kingdom to another, —a fresh hemisphere of Alpine glory displays itself in a moment, all fresh and resplendent as if appalled in majesty for his sole delight. Alps rise on Alps through the dark azure of a more than Italian sky. The unflecked snow of these untrodden, perhaps nameless pyramids, glitters with almost insupportable brightness. Where several summits unite to form a theatre, the ice-stream at their base rolls its ponderous wave, whose motion, like the great planetary inequalities, may be traced from age to age and from century to century. There it is, spreading out its marble flood in a magnificent glacier some thousand feet below the spectator. Far lower still the valleys deepen into defiles crowned with impending forests, while the mountain-sides of that middle region are seamed by white lines of foaming cataracts, of whose noise no single vibration reaches the elevated platform where we stand. All there is silent, sparkling, and unchangeable; far, far beneath all, are the first traces of life—of human interests and necessities. Here above dwells an eternal composure, from which we part with a pang, to jostle perforce once more with the busy world, to feel its wants, and to share its struggles and its sympathies.

We will not follow our traveller along the steps of his descent. His toil and its chief reward are past. He reaches at length the humble inn or the less inviting chalet where he is to pass the night. He may have more or less of a welcome, a good bed or a truss of hay, company more or less good, or, what he often prefers, none at all; and after striving to note for future memories some of the features of his happy day—with a mind thoroughly at ease and a body stiffened a little with exercise, yet not unstrung, he sleeps the sleep of forgetfulness until another morning's sun calls him to enjoyments alike in kind yet infinitely various and incapable of producing satiety.

Now, a country which day after day and week after week is capable of producing, in inexhaustible succession, scenes such as we have just attempted to trace, and that in a variety and profusion which no pen nor pencil can portray, must needs exercise a powerful and lasting impression on the mind of one who surrenders himself for a time to the full enjoyment of its beauties, whose soul can bow itself in enthusiastic admiration in the presence of its sublimer scenes. He leaves them, in a sense, a new man. His current of ideas has been diverted from its ordinary course; new energies have been called into action, and others long and exhaustingly exercised before have been charmed to rest. The young, unspoilt and generous nature feels the metamorphosis most completely: but strong men of middle age have, to our knowledge, found a distraction in such scenes from the severest anxieties of life; and even those whose gray hairs are not few have occasionally borne testimony to their power of restoring, at least for a while, the happiest impressions of their departed prime.

If these descriptions and statements be not unfounded, there must be something pre-eminent in the physical characters of a region which can contribute so greatly to human enjoyment. Though every mountainous country partakes in some degree of these qualities, it would really appear that the Alps of Central Europe possess them in a singular, perhaps unequalled measure. The Pyrenees, with some isolated scenes of almost Alpine grandeur, are wanting in variety, and especially in concentration of interest around a few predominating moun-



tain-centres. Perennial snow has not there the same overpowering sublimity as in Switzerland, and the northern valleys, although exquisitely luxuriant, do not in this respect exceed those of the Italian slope of the Alps, while the unmitigated solar heat of the Spanish frontier deprives the southern side of this charm. The Carpathians, so far as we are informed, do not boast of the variety and grandeur which even the Pyrenees possess, and their highest summits reach little above the snow line, while the more elevated of the Apennines do not attain it. In the north of Europe, the great chain of Scandinavia, though possessing a peculiar grandeur of its own, especially in the scarped precipices which face the Atlantic, is destitute of the accessibility, the concentration of interest, and the positive sublimity of any of the greater Alpine centres. The comparatively small scale of the mountains of North and West Britain, and the important modifications which the scenery receives from its maritime character, prevent any strict rivalry with Switzerland.

It is more obviously questionable how far the Alps of South America and of India will bear away the palm of grandeur and interest from those of Europe. The colossal dimensions of the two former would, at first sight, appear to leave no doubt of their superiority. Yet the testimony of qualified travellers makes us hesitate on this point. Chimborazo, in Peru, long supposed to be the highest mountain in the world, rises only 5600 feet above the limits of perpetual snow, while Mont Blanc, in Europe, of which the absolute height is 6000 feet less, is snow-clad throughout the upper 7000 feet. The Himalaya are not only far higher than any of the Andes, but by their forms and arrangements, and by the multitude of magnificent snowy basins and gigantic glaciers with which they are diversified, challenge a closer comparison with Switzerland. It is now known that several of their peaks exceed 28,000 feet—one, recently discovered, attains 29,000—that there are vast tablelands and lakes of an elevation not inferior to that of Mont Blanc, or even exceeding it, and yet the most trustworthy travellers hesitate to pronounce upon the superiority even of single views of these giants of the earth over our own familiar and easily attainable Alpine scenes. Dr. Joseph Hooker, whose

opinion is the more impartial because his first impression of the effects of grand mountain scenery was derived from the Himalaya, describes the effect of the Swiss Alps as "far more beautiful." Without entering into particulars, this may be accounted for on the following principles: (1.) The average slope of the ground from the mountains to the plains is not very different in India and in Switzerland. The apparent angular elevation of the chain to the eye of the spectator is therefore not very different in the two cases, and the notorious incapacity of the eye to judge of the true distance and height of such objects prevents a detection of the difference of the scale. (2.) In the next place, the commencement of perpetual snow, which is by far the most conspicuous mode of estimating elevation, is 7000, 8000, even 10,000 feet higher in different parts of the Himalaya than in Switzerland. This is so much to be deducted from the really enormous preponderance of the scale of the Asiatic peaks. (3.) As regards these colossal mountains it is impossible to get an effective close view of them without climbing Alps already as high as Mont Blanc or nearly so, in order to command a clear perspective of their awful slopes, such as that which we obtain of Mont Blanc itself from the Breven. This leaves the proportions of the scenery not very different from that Switzerland, while from the larger scale the effect is more monotonous, since we cannot embrace at a glance the splendid contrast of snow-covered pyramids with luxuriant forests and even cultivated fields and human habitations at their base. (4.) Lastly, stupendous distant panoramas, in which alone the Himalaya bear away the palm, are excessively rarely seen to advantage. Rare they are indeed even in Switzerland. Thousands of its visitors have never witnessed the impressive morning view of the Bernese Alps from Neufchâtel, or of Mont Blanc from the descent of the Jura. All meteorological conditions are still more unfavorable in India. The distances are twice or three times as great, and though the higher summits dwell in an atmosphere usually of cloudless serenity, the sub-alpine regions are commonly overshadowed with a damp and misty veil.

For these and other reasons we are entitled to say that, practically, the Alps afford the

enjoyment of picturesque and sublime scenery in greater perfection than any other known region of the globe; for if any region could challenge comparison it is unquestionably the Himalayan chain. If any doubt remained on this point, the balance would be turned in favor of Europe by the facility with which its mountain recesses may be explored. There is no *transverse* valley in the Alps which may not be traversed by the pedestrian throughout its entire length in about two days, and usually less. A larger scale of geographical configuration increases the labor without increasing the effect on the eye. Monotony is almost unknown in Switzerland. The reaches of the valleys are short enough to afford a continual succession of prospects. The successive vegetative regions afford an almost hourly variety; the minor summits are attainable by the expenditure of a few hours of active exertion, whilst in the Himalaya, to use the words of Dr. Hooker, similar prospects "will always remain inaccessible to any but the most hardy seekers of the picturesque, for they can only be viewed under circumstances of extreme physical discomfort."

Baron Humboldt records in his "*Kosmos*," that "no descriptions of the eternal snows of the Alps when tinged in the morning or evening with a rosy hue, or of the beauty of the blue glacier ice, or of any part of the grandeur of the scenery of Switzerland, have reached us from the ancients, although statesmen and generals, with men of letters in their train, were constantly passing through Helvetia into Gaul. All these travellers," he adds, "think only of complaining of the difficulties of the way; the romantic scenery never seems to have engaged their attention." \* Wordsworth, in an expository letter to the "*Morning Post*" on the subject of the Windermere railway, shows that the picturesque appreciation of mountains is of entirely modern date, even in England, where it is perhaps more general than in any other country. With the exception of a single passage in the writings of Bishop Burnet, Wordsworth finds British travellers and naturalists alike silent upon the sublimity and beauty of the Alps down to the time of Gray. Even Wyndham's narrative of his first visit to

Chamouni is scarcely an exception to this remark, since, while he dwells much on the curiosity and strangeness of what he saw, he hardly alludes to the sublimity of the views either at Chamouni itself or from the Montanvert.

The first approaches to a closer acquaintance with the ice-clad summits of the Alps were made in somewhat of the same spirit. Exaggerated fears of the dangers which beset the adventurer within the limits of perpetual snow pre-occupied the earlier Swiss adventurers to such a degree, that they were too happy to find themselves once more upon *terra firma* to have time to recollect minutely their picturesque impressions (if they had any), except perhaps the wonder of an extensive panorama from some commanding summit. We can now smile at many of these needless terrors as much as we do at Wyndham and Pococke's precaution of going to Chamouni armed to the teeth; and what is more, after being there, recommending it "as an easy precaution, and, on certain occasions, very useful." It is principally to the great Swiss naturalist De Saussure that we owe the rectification of these mistakes, as well as a lively appreciation of the aspects of nature in the Alps. Independently of the great scientific value of his labors—immense at the time, great even now—his writings give expression to the feeling of the sublime and beautiful, which few perhaps have felt more deeply than he. General readers will be glad to find in the little work mentioned at the head of this Article the more popular and descriptive parts of De Saussure's writings, published in the form of a pocket volume.

Since the time of De Saussure, Switzerland has not wanted explorers even to its remotest recesses. Expeditions once considered the most hazardous which a man could undertake, such as the ascent of Mount Blanc, are now-a-days performed several times a year, and even by ladies. Guide-books immeasurably superior to that of Ebel, which for a long time monopolized the field, have been published in English, French, and German. Of these Mr. Murry's is decidedly the best as well as the most original. It contains all the information required by any ordinary traveller. It has wonderfully facilitated the methodical examination of the Alps, to which his "*Handbook of France*," and more par-

\* A similar remark occurs somewhere in Francis Horner's *Memoirs*.

ticularly that of South Germany, have also materially contributed.

Unscientific travellers may be divided into two classes: those who are contented with pursuing the ordinary routes which conduct them amongst the finest scenery of the Alps, their most celebrated passes and some of their more accessible heights, and those who, besides this, aim at gaining the most difficult and commanding summits and at crossing the more dangerous and glacier-clad cols. We assume both one and the other class to be pedestrians. Nineteen-twentieths, perhaps ninety-nine-hundredths, of tourists of all nations belonged not many years ago to the former class; and the same proportion of all nations except English belong to it still. But in the last years a powerful interest has been excited towards the more difficult feats of climbing. At first, as was natural, the desire to explore the scientific wonders of the high Alps, their geology, their climate, and their glaciers, induced men to incur these risks; but mere tourists began to discover that other attractions besides those of physics and natural history powerfully contributed to this pursuit. Accordingly, year by year for rather more than a dozen summers past, the thirst for distinction in overcoming the difficulties and dangers of the high Alps has been on the increase. The successive editions of Mr. Murray's "Handbook" bear witness to the fact. If we compare the first two editions with the *seventh*, which is now before us, we find that a multitude of serious undertakings, which formerly were never thought of by any mere tourist, are now methodically described, so that it is possible to anticipate to a great extent the time, the fatigue, the comparative danger, and the expense of almost every ascent which ever has been made, at least in the more frequented parts of Switzerland.

When we attempt to analyze the causes of this immense popularity of what might be called break-neck trips, we find them as usual to be of a very mixed character. Probably one of the commonest but lowest motives is that of notoriety, such as tempted for a series of years to the ascent of Mont Blanc, while other mountains hardly less interesting and even more difficult were left unassailed. The aspirants got their glory, and paid from £25 to £40 for it. They have

"done" Mont Blanc, which, being the highest of the Alps, they possibly imagine that they have "done" the Alps generally, and so their Swiss tour ends. Not unfrequently, however, we find that our tourist returns from a "grande course" a wiser and a better man. He went vain-gloriously or in the mere gaiety of his animal spirits, and he comes back thoughtful, impressed, conscious of a new feeling, it might be called passion, in his soul. He has been initiated into the awfulest of the temples of Nature, and he longs to return once and again to pay his orisons there. He is touched with a sense of the greatness of the Almighty through the works of his creation, and of the littleness of self. He longs with the longing of the heart for the recurrence of summer and his hard-won holiday, again to taste the air of the mountain, and with the genial Talfourd to exclaim once more "A *char-à-banc* for Chamouni!"

A majority of the tourists are young Englishmen, of whom a great many are very properly contented with the publication of the results of their experience in difficult passes, in Mr. Murray's "Handbooks," which are enriched with a great deal of valuable matter thus unostentatiously offered for the use of future travellers. A few, and only a few, have given us the benefit of their information in a separate form. Of these we may specify the "Wanderings in the High Alps," by Alfred Wills, which is the result of several years' experience in the Alps, and by its genial, unaffected style, the modesty displayed by the author throughout, and the real interest of many parts of it, is calculated to please almost every class of readers. It were to be wished that the majority of tourists took a little more pains to ascertain how their recreations may be turned to some account, and would educate themselves to the kind of observations—many of which are by no means difficult—which would stamp a permanent interest upon their holiday rambles. Many, *we know*, have such a desire; but the education which even our universities bestow has little or no tendency to impart the habit of observation, and the commonest mechanical facility in the use of instruments. Add to this, that these tours are usually unpremeditated and casual pastimes. It is only by gathering up the expe-

fience of successive years that a man becomes fitted for exercising systematically his powers of observation.

In estimating the effects of the material hindrances to which travellers in high mountains are exposed, we ought to remember how much danger is increased by inexperience, and how—really as well as apparently—obstacles are more formidable in proportion as they are unknown. The man who first ascended in a balloon into regions of air previously unbreathed by human lungs,—he who first tempted the depths of the sea in a diving-bell,—the navigator who first passed a winter amidst Arctic ice,—all these men required far other heroism than is necessary for such as follow in their adventurous tracks. They braved dangers unknown, and, because unknown, alarming. But the dangers were also the more real and greater, because the experience necessary to avert them was wanting. So the first man who voluntarily slept above the limits of perpetual snow in spite of the unascertained cold at those elevations,—he who first ascended to regions abounding in perils peculiar to the permanent ice of which he had little or no previous acquaintance, and he who sought to attain heights where it was only known that the primary function of life—that of breathing—is performed with difficulty, these men had far other trials than belong to the most adventurous climbers of the nineteenth century, to whom the *general* course of events in all these predicaments is well known, and who only run the same sort of risks which others have surmounted.

A more vivid idea of the reality of these obstacles to the early Alpine adventurers will be derived from a single passage of De Saussure's writings than from elaborate description. That admirable traveller had for many years been urging the more experienced mountaineers of Chamouni to attempt to scale Mont Blanc, and the second serious attempt of the kind was made by three hardy peasants bearing the well-known local surnames of Coutet, Meunier, and Carrier. They appear to have attained a considerable though unknown elevation. They suffered so much from the direct and reflected heat of the sun, and from the loss of appetite and tendency to faintness now known to be common at such heights, that one of them, in reporting his journey to De Saussure,

"seriously informed him that it was unnecessary to carry any provisions on that journey, and that, were he to return thither, he should provide himself merely with a *parasol* and a *scent-bottle*. When," adds De Saussure, "I pictured to myself this tall, robust mountaineer climbing these snows, holding in one hand a lady's parasol, and in the other a bottle of *Eau sans pareille*, the idea seemed so strange and ridiculous, that nothing could have better proved his opinion of the difficulty of the undertaking, and consequently its impossibility for those who have neither the strong head nor the walking powers of a good guide of Chamouni." Obstacles then so great as to unman a hardy peasant could not fail to affect doubly persons of slighter physical constitution and more lively imagination. Poor M. Bourrit, the contemporary of De Saussure, and at times his companion, could not even ascend the Buet (a mountain little exceeding 10,000 English feet) without numberless overpowering sensations. Yet he had "pluck" enough to attempt the ascent of Mont Blanc oftener perhaps than any other man. But the narrative of his sufferings under what would now be considered ordinary circumstances, reminds us of the anecdote of the philosopher who first by accident passed the contents of a small Leyden jar through his body,—an experiment which he declared he would not repeat for a free gift of the whole kingdom of France.

The different impressibility of different persons by the same dangers renders a strict estimate of the risks of Alpine adventure all but impossible. Unless we have the measure of each man's endurance and coolness we cannot compare accurately, say the ascent of the Finsteraarhorn, with that of Monte Rosa. Add to this, that the nerve of the same individual varies in an important degree with the state of his health and training, and, what is still more significant, that where the risks are those of ice and snow, they vary so materially from one year to another, and even from month to month, that a feat which is at one time comparatively easy may be physically impossible at another. This well-known fact should make travellers very careful in charging their predecessors with exaggerating the difficulties of their conquests. Now and then it may be



the lot of the critic to find the tables turned upon him.\*

We shall now endeavor to give a fair estimate of the chief difficulties attending Alpine climbing :

*Bad Weather.*—This we believe to be by far the most serious danger of pedestrian enterprise. The power of violent wind when accompanied by rain, not to say snow and piercing cold, in exhausting the physical powers, is little appreciated, and would hardly be believed if certain evidence of it did not exist. The chilling effect of a current of air is familiarly known. Arctic travellers have no difficulty in bearing a cold of 30° or 40° below zero if the atmosphere be perfectly still, but the smallest wind, with a temperature even of zero, is almost insupportable. Even in the temperate climate of Great Britain, and at very moderate elevations, not unfrequent cases of death from exposure have come to our knowledge which took place in the summer months. One remarkable instance occurred in August, 1847. Two Englishmen travelling on foot by a well-marked road from King's House to Fort William in Scotland during a storm of wind and rain—violent, yet not excessively cold, and without a flake of snow—lay down and died on the path. Similar instances have happened of late years in Westmoreland. When there is any snow, hardy natives sometimes perish. Even in Devonshire this occurred not long since. If such be the case on hills under 2000 feet high, and even in summer, what must be the trial to the human frame of the war of elements above, or even near the snow-line? There snow may fall any month of the year—there the winds rage with an uncontrolled power, seeming to blow from all points of the compass at once, and, tearing the fallen snow from the ground, mix up its sharp spicules in a turbulent compound, dazzling, blinding, wounding, and finally stiffening the traveller, until, goaded by despair, he loses all idea of direction, and finally relinquishes the unequal contest, and sinks into a painless and perpetual sleep.\*

\* The passage of rocks is not liable to the same fluctuation, and affords a tolerable measure of the nerve of the pedestrian. Thus, when Mr. Albert Smith enlarges, in terms which provoke a smile (*Story of Mont Blanc*, 2nd edit., p. 197), upon the horrors of the passage of the rocks called "les Ponts," near Montanvert, we have a scale by which we may estimate the probable amount of innocent exaggeration of the difficulties of Mont Blanc.

These dreadful assaults of the elements, called *Tourmentes* in the French Alps, and *Guxen* in those of German Switzerland, are fortunately rare in summer, and may usually be avoided by common prudence, and attention to the opinion of the guides. From a neglect of this caution, two Englishmen perished on the Col de Bonhomme in 1830; and it is perhaps surprising that such accidents are not more frequent. They are, however, more often probably even than avalanches, the cause of the loss of life still common amongst the poorer class of travellers when crossing such passes as the Grimsel, the St. Bernard, and others still less formidable. At such awful moments the instincts of self-preservation are wrought up to the highest pitch. When the *tourmente* prevails, each man is in a little snow world of his own—he can scarcely see his nearest neighbor, and the struggle for dear life too often severs the tie of the nearest kindred. To pause is to die, and he who stops to render assistance, or to give encouragement, to one sinking under the fatal lethargy of cold, is liable an instant later himself to succumb to the same fate.†

On great ascents the occurrence of such storms at a critical moment would be almost certain death to a whole party. Consequently, when the traveller is to penetrate for many hours beyond the snow line, a reasonable prospect of fine weather must be the primary condition of the journey, and decided symptoms of a change must be the signal of instant return. If a storm of wind and sleet were to occur on such a perilous passage as the Mur de la Côte on Mont Blanc, where it is impossible to move except at a creeping pace, and with the toes dug into the ice-steps, congelation or "frost-bite" would be the consequence; and even on the levellest snow it would be impossible to trace any path, to recognize any landmarks, or to preserve any constant direction.

A far less alarming, yet not insignificant,

\* "From hill to dale still more and more astray  
Impatient—through the drifted heaps  
Stung with the thoughts of home, the thoughts  
of home  
Burst on his nerves and call their vigor forth  
In many a vain attempt—till down he sinks  
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless waste,  
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death."  
—Thomson's *Winter*.

† See an instance in *Forbes' Travels in the Alps of Savoy*, pp. 281-3.

danger arises from fogs. Few pedestrians have not met with a fog in some critical position, and felt its bewildering influence on unfrequented ground. None but steady and experienced guides deserve much confidence on such occasions. The difficulty is greatest where wide and flat-topped mountain ranges have to be crossed. These occur but rarely in the Alps, occasionally in the Eastern Pyrenees, but perpetually in Norway. The chance of being lost is there most imminent if the guide be not perfectly at home on the track. Again, in difficult and untracked passes in the Alps, a deviation of a few yards to the right or left in a fog may lead the traveller into inextricable difficulties.

*Difficulty of Breathing—Hill Sickness.—*

A more direct obstacle, however, to very lofty ascents is difficulty of breathing, when it occurs, and the giddiness, exhaustion, and sickness, which are yet more common. Because it not unfrequently happens that parties arrive at the highest Alpine summits without experiencing all, or any, of these sensations, it has sometimes been absurdly supposed by travellers that they have been the result of the imaginative fears of their more timid predecessors. The fact is, that this singular, yet very real affection, varies as much in different persons as sea-sickness does—a malady with which it appears to have a strong analogy. It happens, indeed, that the extreme elevation of the Alps reaches a point where these physiological effects only begin to be developed in many individuals, yet observations in tropical countries, and at still greater heights, show that they are amongst the most certain penalties of venturing into imperfectly aerated regions, and that there is, no doubt, a limit even on the earth's surface unattainable by man, unless he be passively moved as in a balloon. As early as the sixteenth century the learned Jesuit Acosta described correctly the effects of rarefied air which he witnessed in Peru; and he accounted for them on the true grounds. Bouguer a century and a half later experienced them in his own person, but erroneously attributed them rather to excessive fatigue than to the rarity of the air, an opinion which De Saussure justly controverts, by remarking, (1.) That as the ascent of the Andes is mainly accomplished on horseback, the mere

fatigue of mounting a few thousand feet could not be so extreme as to occasion such effects. (2.) That he, himself, has, like most pedestrians, been often fatigued to the limits of his muscular power without feeling the smallest nausea or shortness of breath. This accurate traveller has recorded nearly all the facts yet known regarding this singular malady. On the occasion of his ascent of Mont Blanc some of the most robust peasants of Chamouni were the first to leave the summit in order to recover themselves in a denser air. Besides insupportable lassitude, which renders the smallest effort a severe toil, palpitation of the heart, vomiting, faintness, and febrile pulse, are four commonest results of excessive elevation. De Saussure marks 1900 toises (about 12,000 English feet) as his own healthy limit, and that of most of the natives of the Alps; some persons however begin to suffer much lower. Whilst he remained perfectly still, he suffered nothing at the top of Mont Blanc, but the effort even of reading off thermometers and other instruments, and of recording his observations, was such that he barely accomplished in four and a-half hours, what three hours sufficed for at the level of the sea. He very justly adds that the fatigue of such sedentary occupations arises in part from the involuntary holding of the breath when the attention is deeply engaged.

It is not unlikely that the reason why we hear less now-a-days of these inconveniences is because both travellers and guides have usually been for a considerable time "in training" before an ascent of a lofty mountain. In De Saussure's time few persons had any occasion to ascend to the heights of even the Montanvert or the Col de Balme. The regular guides are now doing so every summer, and many travellers are but little less seasoned. Still it must be owned that there are great anomalies. One of a party, equally robust and equally well-trained, falls suddenly sick and becomes decidedly pale at an elevation of only 10,000 or 11,000 English feet, while all the rest are buoyant and healthy. M. Hugi relates that his guide Währen, "certainly the most powerful man in the whole Oberland," was taken unwell on the formidable summit of the Finsteraarhorn. We have seen a hardy peasant seized with sickness at a height inferior to that of

the Col du Géant, where no one else of the party suffered in the smallest degree. It is said that at some periods the effects are earlier fallen in with than at others even on the same mountain. It is also believed that some districts are more liable to produce the effect than others. Mr. Wills considers that the rarefaction of the air is less felt about Monte Rosa than near Mont Blanc. But this seems doubtful, for, though he himself did not suffer on the occasion referred to, he records having "felt the rarity of the air sensibly," and being a good deal exhausted the year previously. The experienced Professor Ulrich suffered considerably on Monte Rosa at about the same elevation, though not at all at the same spot, the following year. In South America some localities are supposed to be more favorable than others to attacks of "the Puna," as this malady is locally called, from one of the districts in which it prevails.\*

It has been believed that difficult breathing is sooner felt upon snow than upon rock, and M. Boussingault, in his account of the ascent of Chimborazo, attributes this to the sensible deficiency of oxygen contained in the pores of the snow, which is exhaled when it melts. The fact that the air absorbed by snow is impure was ascertained by De Saussure, and has been confirmed by Boussingault's experiments.

The inconvenience is common to the various races of men and to the lower animals. Baron Humboldt was deserted by all his Indians at an elevation about 1000 feet greater than that of Mont Blanc. Mules begin to suffer at 11,000 feet, and it is said, on the authority of Tehudi, that cats cannot live above 13,000 feet, a height at which villages occur in the Andes and Himalaya. In the latter range Dr. Hooker states that horses may be ridden to a height of 19,000 feet. Habit appears to be the only remedy. The upper part of the town of Potosi is stated by Humboldt to be only 2000 feet below the summit of Mont Blanc, and in India those who live habitually at great elevations experience no inconvenience from the rarity of the air. Dr. Hooker recommends a stay for two or three days at a height of 16,000 feet as preparatory to ascending to 20,000. Yet Tibetans, who

live at 15,000 feet, always have headaches on walking over passes of 18,000, which they attribute to a poisonous vapor issuing from the mountains. Dr. Hooker asserts that "bleeding at the nose and ears has never been experienced by any practised traveller in health, and is unknown among the natives." We believe alarming hæmorrhage to be really unheard of on such occasions; but unquestionably slight bleedings from the nose, gums, and lips, are not unfrequent. Such are recorded by De Saussure, Humboldt, and Boussingault. The latter hints at more serious results in the case of an Indian who had used his voice too strongly in these elevated regions, and recommends, with good reason, that conversation be carried on in an under-tone in order to avoid exhaustion.

The physiology of these various effects is as yet imperfectly understood. The præternatural lassitude which is more commonly experienced near the top of Mont Blanc than any other symptom—a lassitude which, in many cases, takes away every sense of pleasure from success—has been ingeniously attributed by the brothers Weber to the deficiency of atmospheric pressure loosening the compactness of articulation at the knee and hip-joints, thus preventing the limbs from working steadily in their sockets. But this is at least a partial view of the subject.

*Slopes of Turf.*—Turning now to the more external obstacles to success in the ascent of mountains, we shall first mention one which would scarcely seem alarming at first sight to most pedestrians—this is the slopes of short dry turf which so frequently occur on the calcareous mountains of the secondary chains of the Alps, and which, frequently ending in tremendous precipices, constitute a danger all the more real because it is unimposing. A pedestrian once losing footing on such a slope is almost certain to be carried helplessly to the bottom of it, however it may terminate. No break or irregularity gives him a chance of holding on. The spike of his *Alpenstock* is not long enough to take hold on its velvet-like surface. The nails in his shoes are equally inefficacious. In this respect the slope of turf is more dangerous than that of frozen snow, unless it be of the hardest kind. The following example, from Mr. Wills, is

\* See the curious Essay on Hill-Sickness, by Dr. Meyer-Ahrens, cited at the head of this article.

applicable to those numerous English, men and women, who frequent the familiar environs of Interlaken, little recking of danger:

"Soon afterwards one of the party slipped and was unable to stop himself. With great presence of mind he threw himself over by a sudden effort on to his face, and, spreading out his arms and legs, and digging his fingers into the ground, succeeded in checking his descent. Nobody could have helped him, and had he not stopped himself, he would in all probability have slipped with increasing velocity for some hundreds of feet, and shot over a precipice which happened to be below, between us and the belt of wood. His finger-nails were all broken in the effort to save himself." . . . . "Seen from below, the slope appears so gentle that this description would scarcely be credited—but it is strictly accurate. A melancholy accident, which occurred in 1850, on the other side, where the descent is of the same character, but more rapid still, attests its truth. An English lady staying at Interlaken one day took the path, and wandered on till she came to the summit." . . . . "She never returned, and next day her mangled remains were found, some thousands of feet below, on the other side of the mountain. Her foot had slipped and she had begun to roll; she had seized a young sapling, hoping to arrest her progress, but the impetus was too great; it snapped, and was found in her grasp when the body was discovered." . . . . "I have twice ascended and once descended these grassy steeps, and have seldom performed a more dangerous task—easy as it looks. The peasants, who mow the grass on the sides of the mountain, wear crampons, otherwise they could hardly get up and down with safety."—*Wanderings, &c.*, pp. 242-4.

It was among such treacherous slopes near the Col de Balme that at least one tourist perished in attempting to reach a point called the "Croix de Fer." It is also probable that poor Jacques Balmat, the conqueror of Mont Blanc, ignobly fell a victim in the same way amongst the calcareous mountains intermediate between the Col de Balme and the Dent du Midi.

*Rocks, Precipices.*—Above the limits of vegetation the surface of a mountain is, of course, either rock, or ice and snow. In some districts the former abounds more than the latter, or the reverse, and the skill of the natives in overcoming the difficulties of either depends on their greater experience

and opportunities. The peasants of Chamouni are more at home on the glaciers; those of Monte Rosa on rocks. The best guides of the Oberland are perhaps pretty equally confident in either exercise. More skill is requisite for eluding the difficulties of the ice, more nerve in overcoming those of cliffs. Consequently we find that amateurs, after a certain amount of experience, are more at ease among snow than among really dangerous precipices. It is indeed only on the latter that experienced and zealous amateurs have suffered themselves to be left behind by their guides. It requires education of the eye and foot from childhood, unless in special cases, to venture with confidence to scale cliffs nearly perpendicular, and still more to descend them.

Almost every kind of rock is subject to form precipices. None, for instance, are more tremendous than those formed of granite in the Combe de Malaval, among the Alps of Dauphiné. The slaty rocks, however, do not stand second in this respect, though they oftener leave distinct foot-holds. The schistose cliffs of the Jungfrau, as seen from Lauterbrunnen, are familiarly known to all tourists in Switzerland, and the ascent of a portion of them by Hugi, in the Roththal, on the western side of the mountain, forms one of his most ticklish adventures. The comparatively modern slaty rocks of the Mont Cervin exhibit in that astonishing pinnacle the most inaccessible of all European mountains. Towards the north it forms an almost continuous precipice between 7000 and 8000 feet in height.\* Cal-

\* We preserve this passage as we wrote it, not having then seen Mr. Ruskin's elaborate chapter on "Precipices," in his beautifully illustrated and often able volume *On Mountain Beauty*, which contains many true and original things drawn from a long and ardent study of the Alps. There is an apparent discrepancy between the statement in the text and Mr. Ruskin's assertion, that the steepest part of the Matterhorn or Mont Cervin, over which a plumb-line might be hung without striking, is only about from 600 to 800 feet (Ruskin, p. 242), and he appears to consider that as nearly unexampled in Switzerland. Of this we have doubts, but so technical a definition of a Precipice is neither usual nor appropriate. All the majesty of truly precipitous scenery is sufficiently given by rocks cloven at an angle approaching the vertical, even if they do not overhang, which is almost a *tour-de-force* of nature, being in standing contradiction to the ordinary effects of gravity. Still less does a series of narrow steps, uniting vertical precipices, interfere essentially with their majesty—nay, such breaks may even add to it as viewed in dizzy perspective from above, and (as in the case of the Breven as



careous rocks are celebrated for their vertical cliffs. The chasms of the Dent du Midi and Dent de Morcles can be forgotten by no traveller who has passed between Bex and Martigny; and such rocks have this additional danger, that limestone is the most slippery and treacherous of any, since strongly-nailed shoes, which, in other situations, are a defence, become here accomplices to destruction. The rocks of Gosau, in the eastern Alps, celebrated by Professor Sedgwick and Sir R. Murchison, which rise towards heaven in apparently inaccessible spires, are the geological equivalents of the tame scenery of our English greensand.

A "good head" is as much a natural endowment as any other. It may, however, be greatly improved by practice: and the tonic influence of mountain air, as well as the comparative insensibility which experience induces to the really stupendous scale of Alpine scenery, render feats of climbing easier than would be the case under other circumstances. Many men, who would hesitate to cross a well-fastened plank of a mason's scaffolding at home, will pass erect across the "ponts" at Montanvert, or traverse the Mer de Glace without a moment's misgiving.

Except in the effort to attain a given summit, the climber is not very commonly driven to straits upon rocks, for nature commonly provides a considerable choice of ways in traversing a country. It is rarely that we are shut up to a single prescribed course. But where a direct ascent is our aim, we are never certain till the last moment of attaining our object. Far more than in the case of snow and ice we are subject to be "brought up" by an impassable obstacle. This occurs even in mountains of second and third-rate size. The Rifflhorn near Zermatt, which is now so well known, was deemed inaccessible until within a few years, although nothing was easier than to approach within a few fathoms of the summit. At length some boys tending goats found a passage by first descending upon a rather sloping ledge

described, we have no doubt most accurately, by Mr. Ruskin) yet may effectually prevent the full descent of the plumb-line. Mr. Ruskin himself virtually admits as much a few pages further on in his work (p. 248), where, speaking of the limestone cliffs of the Rochers des Fys, not far from Chamouni, he says "the wall is not less than 2500 feet in height—not vertical, but steep enough to seem so to the imagination."

of rocks. A similar difficulty attends the access to the highest of the Cuchullin hills in Skye, which was first overcome not many years since by a gentleman of Edinburgh, attended by a native guide. These hills, though only about 3000 feet high, may be reckoned as amongst the most difficult of their class, and decidedly the least accessible in Great Britain. Yet the excellent footing of the rugged hypersthene rock of which they are composed prevents any real danger. On the other hand, few rocks, not consisting of sheer precipices, can be pronounced inaccessible until after trial. A mountain face down which we have just descended will often appear, on looking back, absolutely impracticable to human foot. The pass of the Gemmi, which may be traversed on a mule, is a familiar instance of this. The northern face of Mont Cramont, on the Italian side of Mont Blanc, is another.

The combination of rock precipices with snow or ice is probably the most baffling combination of any. The summit of the Finsteraarhorn in the Bernese Oberland, and that of Monte Rosa, are striking examples. In the former instance the intrepid Hugi left it to his robust guides, Leuthold and Währen, to ascend alone the last precipice, the base of which he had more than once attained with extreme toil. A similar result attended the ascent of the experienced Professor Ulrich to the highest of the summits of Monte Rosa, in 1848, from the side of Zermatt. Whilst only ice and snow opposed his advance all went well, but the precipitous rocky cap, about 300 feet high, was attempted by his guides alone, Madutz and Taugwald, who found not only precipices which offered little hold for the feet, but the crevices in the rock were filled and glazed over with slippery ice. The re-descent was so terrific, that one of the guides owed his safety to the nerve of the other, who held him on by a rope. The Messrs. Schlagintweit, who with their guides made the ascent of this precipice in 1851, were also incommoded by the ice, and they had recourse to driving chisels into the rock where they could not by other means obtain a footing.

Many of our readers will recollect the ability with which Sir Walter Scott has given, in the second chapter of "*Anne of Geierstein*," a thrilling account of the younger Philipson's adventure among the

Precipices of Mont Pilate. This account is the more remarkable because the writer had but a slight personal acquaintance with Swiss scenery, and it may reasonably be doubted whether he ever found himself in such a predicament as that which he so graphically describes. A real adventure of a similar kind was depicted in 1829 in glowing colors by a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*. The article is now in all probability remembered by few, but the style and the initials (E. S.) point it out as the production of the late Bishop Stanley, to whom it was ascribed at the time. It is entitled "The Mauvais Pas," and describes the ascent of the valley of Bagnes by the author, soon after the catastrophe of 1818, by which all the ordinary means of communication were swept away. We can only select some isolated passages; but the whole paper is worth perusing as a vivid and powerful piece of description:\*

"For a foreground (if that could be called a foreground, separated as it was by a gulf of some fathoms wide) an unsightly facing of unbroken precipitous rock bearded me on the spot from whence I was to take my departure, jutting out sufficiently to conceal whatever might be the state of affairs on the other side, round which it was necessary to pass by a narrow ledge like a mantelpiece, on which the first guide had now placed his foot. The distance, however, was inconsiderable, at most a few yards; after which I fondly conjectured we might rejoin a pathway similar to that we were now quitting, and that, in fact, this short but fearful *trajet* constituted the substance and sum-total of what so richly deserved the title of the *Mauvais Pas*. 'Be firm; hold fast, and keep your eyes on the rock,' said the guide, as I, with my heart in my mouth, stepped out. 'Is my foot steadily fixed?'—'It is,' was the answer; and, with my eyes fixed upon the rock, as if it would have opened under my gaze, and my hands hooked like claws on the slight protuberances within reach, I stole silently and slowly towards the projection, almost without drawing a breath. Having turned this point I still found myself proceeding, but to what degree, and whether for better or worse, I could not exactly ascertain, as I most pertinaciously continued to look upon the rock, mechanically moving foot after foot with a sort of dogged perseverance, leaving to the leading guide the pleasing task, which I most anxiously expected every moment, of assuring me that

the deed was done, and congratulating me on having passed the *Mauvais Pas*. But he was silent as the grave—not a word escaped his lips; and on, and on, and on did we tread, slowly, cautiously, and hesitatingly, for about ten minutes, when I became impatient to learn the extent of our progress, and inquired whether we had nearly reached the other end. 'Pas encore.'—'Are we half way?'—'A peu près,' were the replies. Gathering up my whole stock of presence of mind, I requested that we might pause a while; and then, as I deliberately turned my head, the whole of this extraordinary and frightful scenery revealed itself at a glance. Conceive an amphitheatre of rock forming throughout a bare, barren, perpendicular precipice, of I know not how many hundred feet in height, the two extremities diminishing in altitude, as they approached the Drance, which formed the chord of this arc; that on our left constituting the barrier which had impeded our progress, and which we had just ascended. From the point where we had stepped upon the ledge, quitting the forest and underwood, this circular face of precipice commenced, continuing without intermission till it united itself with its corresponding headland on the right—the only communication between the two being along a ledge in the face of the precipice, varying in width from about a foot to a few inches; the surface of the said ledge, moreover, assuming the form of an inclined plane, owing to an accumulation of small particles of rock, which had, from time immemorial, scaled from the heights above and lodged on this slightly-projecting shelf. The distance, from the time taken to pass it, I guessed to be not far short of a quarter of a mile. At my foot, literally speaking (for it required but a semiquaver of the body, or the loosening of my hold, to throw the centre of gravitation over the abyss) were spread the valleys of the Drance, through which I could perceive the river meandering like a silver thread; but from the height at which I looked down, its rapidity was invisible, and its hoarse brawling unheard. The silence was absolute and solemn; for, fortunately, not a zephyr fanned the air to interfere with my precarious equilibrium. . . . Every sense seemed absorbed in getting to the end; and yet, in the midst of this unenviable position, a trifling incident occurred which actually, for the time, gave rise to something of a pleasurable sensation. About midway I espied, in a chink of a ledge, the beautiful and dazzling little blossom of the *Gentiana nivalis*, and, stopping the guides whilst I gathered it, I expressed great satisfaction in meeting with this lovely little flower in such a lonely spot. And I could scarcely help

\* It may be found in Vol. I of the *Living Age*.

smiling at the simplicity of these honest people, who from that moment, whenever the difficulties increased, endeavored to divert my attention by pointing out or looking for another specimen. We had proceeded good part of the way, when to my dismay the ledge, narrow as it was, became perceptibly narrower, and, at the distance of a yard or two in advance, I observed a point where it seemed to run to nothing, interrupted by a protuberant rock. I said nothing, waiting the result in silence. The guide before me, when he reached the point, threw one foot round the projection till it was firmly placed, and, holding on the rock, then brought up the other. What was I to do? Like Arthur Philipson's guide, Antonio, I could only say, 'I was no chamois hunter, and had no wings to transport me from cliff to cliff like a raven.' 'I cannot perform that feat,' said I to the guide, 'I shall miss the invisible footing on the other side, and—then!' They were prepared for the case; one of them happened to have a short staff; this was handed forward, and formed a slight rail, while the other, stooping down, seized my foot, and placing it in his hand, answered, 'Tread without apprehension; it will support you firmly as the rock itself: be steady—go on.' I did so, and regained the ledge once more in safety. . . . By keeping my head obliquely turned inwards I had in great measure avoided more visual communication than I wished with the bird's-eye prospect below, but there was no possibility of excluding the smooth bare frontage of rock right ahead. There it reared itself from the clods beneath to the clouds above, without outward or visible sign of fret or fissure, as far as I could judge, on which even a chamois could rest his tiny hoof; for the width of whatever ledge it might have was diminished by the perspective view we had of it to Euclid's true definition of a mathematical line, namely, length without breadth. At this distance of time I have no very clear recollection of the mode of our exit, and cannot speak positively as to whether we skirted any part of this perilous wall of the Titans, or crept up through the corner of the curve by some fissure leading to the summit. I have, however, a very clear and agreeable recollection of the moment when I came in contact with a tough bough, which I welcomed and grasped as I would have welcomed and grasped the hand of the dearest friend I had upon earth, and by the help of which I, in a very few more seconds, scrambled upwards, and set my feet once more, without fear of slips or sliding, on a rough heathery surface, forming the bed of a ravine which

soon led us to an upland plateau, on which I stood as in the garden of paradise."

Descriptions like these afford of course but a *relative* measure of the difficulty and risk of any such task, which ceases to be agreeable when it passes the limits of what Dr. Johnson happily characterizes as "a kind of turbulent pleasure between fright and admiration."

*Slopes of Snow and Ice.*—We now turn to the peculiar difficulties and risks connected with the passage of slopes of snow and ice. Formidable as these often are, they offer more resource to skill and perseverance than precipices of rock, where art can assist little, and where every thing depends on nerve. Snow of course never exists in absolute precipices, and even those of ice are more limited in extent than may be generally supposed,—always excepting the walls of crevasses underneath the level of a glacier, and with such, the less a traveller has to do, the better. Extensive steep inclines of snow and ice are among the most serious obstacles which the pilgrim of the higher Alps can encounter: and there are few considerable ascents in the course of which they are not met with. A slope of imperfectly frozen snow, the result of spring avalanches, and lying in highly-inclined ravines called *coulairs*, are often more difficult to cross than if they were of the hardest and most slippery ice. Snow has sometimes that treacherous degree of consistence which allows a partial consolidation by the foot-tread, but which suffers the ball or clot thus formed under the soul of the foot to slide like an unctuous substance over the less perfectly compressed snow beneath. In this way the footstep of a traveller may give way after two or three persons have already planted their feet in safety on the same spot. To cross a snow *coulair* of great height and inclination under such circumstances appears to us to be one of the most real dangers of the Alps. But such places can always be safely crossed in the morning when the snow is hard. A surface of ice, covered by some inches of snow, is formidable for the same reason.

A slope of pure ice, at an inclination exceeding 40 or even 30 degrees, has a sufficiently terrific appearance, especially if it terminate below in a precipice of rock or a crevasse of a glacier. Yet the traveller has here in some degree his safety in his own

hands. Footsteps may be made so as to give a firm hold to the pedestrian's nailed shoes, if sufficient time be allowed for that purpose. In some rare cases hand-holds as well as foot-holds must be made in the ice face; but only small spaces are ever crossed in this way. Mr. Auldjo has represented an instance of this kind in the tenth illustration of his ascent of Mount Blanc;\* and M. Hugi has described a similar case in the last ascent of the Finsteraarhorn by his guides, in which he alleges, with what accuracy we know not, that at each step the men had to pause and let their shoes be *slightly frozen to the surface to which they cling*.

In ascending steep slopes of ice it is often advisable to take them *right in front* instead of going in zig-zag as one is naturally inclined to do; for, though more laborious, travellers and guides may thus effectually assist one another, and in case of a rope being used to tie them together, or for all to hold by, the risk of an accident to the whole party is materially diminished. For it is evident that if a file of men ascend a ladder and one of them slips, he is sustained by those immediately beneath him, and his weight is partly thrown by means of the rope on those directly in advance: but if one of a file in an oblique ascent lose his footing, he comes into contact with no man, and the strain falls, by means of the rope, on the two persons alone between whom he is placed. By the obliquity of the strain it is also, by a well-known principle in mechanics, rendered more intense, and if either of his immediate supporters lose their footing the whole party must inevitably go down. The *Mur de la Côte* on the final ascent of Mont Blanc is one of the best known and most frequently described ice-

slopes of the kind. But even the *Mur de la Côte* is a much less serious obstacle of its kind than many other ice-slopes which occur in the Alps. One certain proof of this is, that hardly any climber of Mont Blanc, not even Mr. Albert Smith, dwells on the difficulty of the *descent*, which is really by far the most formidable affair when the incline is severe. On such occasions it is necessary to descend as on a ladder with the face towards the hill, in order to insert the toes in the steps previously made. It is extremely difficult to hew out ice-steps in descending: hence in crossing elevated cols the frozen side should be preferred for the ascent. Messrs. Schlagintweit, in their ascent of Monte Rosa in 1851, returning by a different way, fell in with difficulties so serious, that even with their experience they were almost overtaken by evening on the heights of the mountain before they had a prospect of extrication; and at last were compelled to descend a "couloir" of hard ice, having an inclination of from 60° to 62° (which viewed from above appears almost vertical,) perhaps the steepest which ever has been approached in that manner.

Occasionally the ice of mountain-tops presents a *double* incline, like the ridge of a house-roof, only usually far steeper, so that a man may easily sit astride upon it. This is of course a formidable trial to the nerves, especially if it be of hard ice in which steps must be cut. It is to be traversed lengthways by making good footsteps on one side of the incline parallel to the ridge and planting the ice-pole firmly into the opposite slope. The extreme summit of the Jungfrau is of this description. The approach from the south to the highest part of Monte Rosa is similar to it.

There is one peculiarity of the higher regions of snow and ice which deserves a passing notice, on account of its singularity and of the caution which it suggests. There is no elevation in the Alps at which fusion of the snow does not occasionally take place by the force of the sun's rays; but as it rapidly freezes, the tendency is to form a hard crust of ice upon the softer snow beneath. In consequence of this and of the drifting of the snow in the eddies which always occur at the top of a precipice on the lee-side of an exposed slope, a hardened crust of projecting ice is apt to be formed

\* The pleasing illustrations of Mr. Auldjo's work unquestionably present exaggerated views of several scenes. This is probably one. The breakfast party on the snow-bridge certainly is. If such a mass of snow could hang for a moment in the circumstances there represented, no sane man would stand upon it a moment longer than necessary. We may remark that such scenes are rarely carefully drawn at the moment, but are usually executed afterwards under a vivid recollection of the dangers run. Nor are authors always to blame for pictorial exaggeration. It is one of the vices of the day that artists of all kinds find it their interest to astonish, by "cooking" the sketches placed in their hands up to the stimulant tone required by the appetite of book-buyers. Mr. Browne's sketches of the ascent of Mont Blanc, though evidently done for the most part from recollection, are probably the best that have been published of this kind of scenery.



in such situations, which may be compared to the eave of a roof. Now a traveller groping his way on the diamic slopes of the higher ice, while he leaves, as he thinks, from two to three feet of solid ground between him and the abyss, may in fact be resting his weight on the treacherous and baseless projection of ice which we have described. In his account of the ascent of the Jungfrau with M. Agassiz, Professor Forbes gives in a few words an idea of this serious danger:

"Whilst we were marvelling patiently at what seemed a safe distance from the edge, Jacob [the guide] made us almost tremble by piercing with a few blows of his alpenstock the frail covering, within two or three feet of us, revealing through the gap the vacuity through which we might have dropped a stone upon the glacier beneath."

Professor Hugi of Soleure was nearly the victim of a similar incident in one of his attempts to reach the summit of the Finsteraarhorn, which he has described in graphic terms. The scene of the adventure was laid 13,000 feet above the sea on the sharp ridge of that savage mountain, which terminated on one side in a precipice of terrific height, on the other in a steep incline of ice hardly less formidable. One of the guides, Dändler by name, was in front of the Professor, holding in his hands a long pole, perhaps intended for a flagstaff to commemorate their exploit. Suddenly the guide slipped on the face of ice, and would have glided instantaneously to the bottom had not M. Hugi leaping forward seized the other end of the spar. The instant he did so the ice gave way beneath his feet; he had unawares thrown his weight on the treacherous crust of frozen snow of which we have spoken, which in this instance projected five or six feet over the edge of the rock on the precipitous side of the ridge. There he hung quite loosely in the hole which he had made, and through which he could deliberately view beneath his feet the surface of the Finster and Glacier 4000 feet vertically beneath him. His sole security was the counterpoise of the guide who had lost his footing on the opposite incline of ice, but who fortunately retained his hold upon the spar. From this unpleasant game of *see-saw* both parties were with some difficulty relieved by the assistance of their companions.

*The 'Glaciers—Crevasses.*—Trifling, indeed, compared to the dangers of such ascents as the preceding, yet not unworthy of notice, are those of the lower and more accessible glaciers, which, as every one knows, are traversed by fissures which constitute one of the great objects of interest to the curious traveller. These fissures or *crevasses* (for the English word *crevice* is wholly inapplicable to their usually stupendous dimensions) may be found of all degrees of magnitude, and they present to the traveller obstacles more or less formidable. Many glaciers whose slope is inconsiderable exhibit for a great space fissures so trifling in extent compared to the solid parts of the icy river as to offer no difficulty whatever in their passage; and to walk over such level ice is less fatiguing than over rock or even turf, the feet being kept pleasantly cool and the nerves reinforced by the perpetually fresh atmosphere which prevails over the glacier even in the warmest weather. The glacier on the Col of Mont Cervin, though 11,000 feet above the sea, is frequently crossed by loaded mules; as is, we believe, the glacier of the Gries between the upper valley of the Rhone and Duomo d'Ossola. The glacier of the lower Aar might probably be traversed without difficulty on horseback for several miles. But the contrary case is the more common, and perhaps no glacier is devoid of difficult chasms in some part of its extent. At their lower extremities in particular they are often altogether impracticable. The steepness of the slope on which they sometimes terminate breaks up the texture of the semi-solid ice by crossing fissures or hatching, while the great summer heat of the valleys into which they thrust their icy snouts acuminate the parallelograms into which they are thus broken up, and occasions those exquisite pyramidal structures of pellucid ice which all travellers admire in the glaciers of Bossons and Rosenlaui.

In their higher portions again, near the limits of perpetual snow, where the ice-river becomes undistinguishable from the vast reservoirs whence it takes its origin and its supply, the fissures have a somewhat different character. The ice in motion is imperfectly consolidated, and has less resistance to fracture than elsewhere. It is consequently broken short across, as it is forced by gravity over even slight inequalities; but where the

descent is rapid, fissures of the most enormous size occur, seaming the glacier entirely from side to side, and hindering a passage save by some snow bridge which has survived the thaws of spring and summer. The Glacier des Bossons presents such obstacles to the ascender of Mont Blanc from Chamouni, as that of the Géant opposes by a perhaps more serious barrier the passage of the Col of the same name. Such difficulties, common to most extensive glaciers, are the more perplexing that they usually occur in defiles or ravines through which the icy masses uneasily struggle, and which very commonly, in proportion that their channels (Germ. *thalweg*) are more inclined, have their walls also more precipitous, so that footing is alike denied on ice or rock to the explorer of the upper Alpine world. To pass among such crevices requires, as has been already hinted, a *rational* acquaintance with the principles according to which the accidents of the ice are affected by the fixed obstacles opposed to its motion. In some cases we may take a glacier right in front, in others we must first gain its surface at 1000 feet or more of elevation; in some instances we must eschew the centre, in others the sides. Every promontory has its influence on the state of the ice above and below it, which may be shrewdly guessed at by a skilled person traversing the glacier even for the first time.\* Most tourists now-a-days know something of the complex path which leads across the Mer de Glace of Chamouni to the Tacul and Jardin, of which the curiously monotonous irregularities are faithfully reiterated year by year, notwithstanding the perpetual flow of the ice. This traverse is indeed the *pons asinorum* of amateurs, the Scylla and Charybdis of "aspirant" guides. Take a single wrong turn to the left (we speak of *descending* the glacier) and you are thrown upon knife edges of ice with vertical sides thinning out as you approach the *moraine*; escaping that, and turning to the right, you are gradually but inevitably drawn into the vortex of confusion which exists towards the centre of the glacier, whence escape is physically impossible, except by

\* Mr. Wills repeatedly mentions the advantage which his Chamouni guide, Auguste Balmat, had even over natives in finding the best route across glaciers quite unknown to him, in consequence of his accurate acquaintance with the circumstances which regulate the state of the ice.

retracing every step to the point where the error was made. The respectable Bourrit's remark on this singular passage (opposite the point called *P'Angle*) is as true now as ever: "I never once succeeded," he says, "in finding an exit by the same block of ice on which I had entered; but on the contrary, often wandered about for three quarters of an hour, the guides meanwhile having recourse to witchcraft to explain this effect of the multiplicity of similar objects which long habit does not enable us to distinguish." Of course the lesson is *at last* learnt. The practised guide threads his way like an Indian on his trail. The less experienced are content to place little piles of stones to guide themselves day by day.

The dangers of the lower and middle glaciers are at least open and undisguised. No one ought on any consideration to traverse them to any extent without a companion, though not necessarily a guide in all cases. The consequences of an irretrievable slip beyond the reach of help are too awful to be lightly risked. But it is only in solitude that there is any real danger. The cases of men lost or nearly lost in glacier crevasses have, in every instance that we can recollect, been of those who were unaccompanied. A clergyman named Mouron is probably the only amateur who has died in consequence. Bohrer, a peasant of Grindelwald, slipped once alone into the upper glacier of that valley, and after three hours of sufferings, such as we may imagine in that horrible dungeon, regained the upper world. Michel Devouassou, of Chamouni, fell into a crevasse on the glacier of Talefre, a feeder of the Mer de Glace, on the 29th of July, 1836, and after a severe struggle extricated himself, leaving his knapsack below. The identical knapsack reappeared in July, 1846, at a spot on the surface of the glacier *four thousand three hundred feet* from the place where it was lost, as ascertained by Professor Forbes, who himself collected the fragments, thus indicating the rate of flow of the icy river in the intervening ten years.

The more plastic forms of the snowy matter of the highest glaciers, and its greater fragility, produce, as has been observed, more stupendous, if less profound and definitely bounded chasms. These terrific rents sometimes stretch almost from side to side of the glacier, and require much address in evading

them. Sometimes the traveller must perform a succession of ascents and descents on nearly vertical walls of ice, and at others must pass under menacing pinnacles which a few instants may detach and cover his difficult pathway with their ruins. Still higher up the rents frequently become grottoes covered with snowy roofs, beautiful but treacherous, which, yielding beneath the foot of the unwary pedestrian, would in all probability introduce him to a nearer acquaintance than he desires with the palaces of enchantment beneath, were he not brought up by a sudden tug at the good rope well fastened to his waist, and that of his firmly footed companions in the rear, who are ever on the watch for the disappearance of a friend through pitfalls as invisible as those on the frail bridge of Mirza's vision. Yet it is usually a sign of inaccurate pilotage if such an incident occurs. The "sounding" of superficial snows by the pike or Alpenstock of the foremost guide is as necessary as the heaving of the lead in a fog in Yarmouth Roads; and rarely does that good implement belie the trust reposed in it. His Alpenstock is the first security of the traveller over snow and ice, a rope the second, and a hatchet the third. The loss of any one of these implements may endanger a man or a party. A geological hammer with an axe-like termination, habitually worn by means of a strap round the waist, is a sure help in many unforeseen accidents.

*Avalanches.*—This is the greatest and most resistless catastrophe which can overtake the Alpine pedestrian. Very few indeed are the casualties which it has occasioned amongst amateur frequenters of the mountains, because they go thither at a season when the "dread laune" is comparatively rare; but of all the thousand crosses which mark the slopes of those Alpine thoroughfares which the humble traveller is driven to pass at untimely seasons, or by which the hardy peasant seeks his home in the upper valleys, the vast majority are memorials of this unforeseen and most appalling messenger. The very commotion in the air occasioned by the impetuous rush of millions of cubic feet of consolidated snow has been sufficient in some instances to uproot trees, and to unroof cottages, or even to remove them bodily to a distance. The avalanches of summer and autumn are, of course, far more local and

far less tremendous. But they do occur; and tact in discriminating localities affected by passing avalanches (not only of snow but of stones from the surface of lofty glaciers niched in the recesses of the higher mountains), and in estimating the general condition with reference to consolidation of the snow which may have recently fallen, are important articles of mountain craft. Almost the only instance of a climbing party being overtaken by an avalanche in summer is the well-known one of Dr. Hamel and his companions in their attempt to ascend Mont Blanc in 1820. An interesting narrative of the accident, by which three guides perished, was printed by one of the party, Mr. Durnford, in the "New Monthly Magazine," and has since been transferred to the pages of Mr. Albert Smith's little work. It does not appear that by any amount of foresight the catastrophe could have been certainly foreseen—although the immediately preceding bad weather, which detained the travellers for a whole day at the Grands Mulets, most probably helped to occasion the treacherous state of the snow.

Having thus drawn some outlines of the difficulties of the higher Alps, we may add that, with few exceptions, they are real dangers chiefly to the timid or to the foolhardy. The former want the determination to conquer which is often the talisman of success;—the latter, seeking dangers unprepared, may really fall a sacrifice to them when they least expect it; and, looking to the tone of some of our recent young English tourists, we cannot but fear that some grave accident may ere long occur as a warning to the rash and inexperienced. Alpine adventure has a great analogy to that of our Arctic expeditions. In both the average freedom from casualty has been surprising. This is to be attributed to the caution inspired by an adequate conviction of the risks to be encountered. We all know that in daily life accidents usually occur when we least think of them. People seem to take a pleasure in breaking their legs when they are doing nothing heroic. Circumnavigators are drowned in pleasure-boats, and Crimean heroes come home safe and sound to blow off a hand in following grouse or red deer. In the case of Arctic adventure, the public feels that one great calamity obliterates the lustre of many partial yet fruitless successes,

and we rather think that our roaming countrymen in Switzerland will do well not to intermit the precautions which hitherto have been so successful in averting accidents, even though Mont Blanc should be scaled one time the less, or the subjects of the King of Sardinia at its foot should pocket a few more needless English sovereigns.

And now let us be excused for saying a few words on the subject of *guides*, prominently brought before us by the narrative of Messrs. Hudson and Kennedy. It appears that though these gentlemen and their companions claim to have ascended Mont Blanc "without guides," they took the chasseurs of St. Gervais over all the ground which was properly speaking new, and availed themselves of their directions in recovering and following the beaten track from Chamouni, with every incident and particular of which they had made themselves familiar by previous inspection of the mountain and of models, and by obtaining, as far as it could be had *gratis*, the local information possessed by the guides of Chamouni. In executing the ascent they had indeed to rely on their own courage and presence of mind, and in this they ably succeeded. But their circumstances were peculiar. The powers of endurance of every one of the party were thoroughly known, and had been tried by previous experience, accompanied by guides, in equally or more dangerous places. Fortunately all went well with them. They did not meet with a single obstacle or inconvenience on which they had not counted. Had any one been taken ill, or had bad weather even to a moderate extent supervened, the conclusion might have been less happy. As it was, on their return they had the greatest difficulty in crossing the glacier of Bossons by daylight; and they admit that it might have happened to them to "pass the night on the ice without any shelter," and to "keep themselves warm by exercise until the sun rose." When we recollect that the whole provisions and wine had been disposed of the previous forenoon save an "atom of mutton and equally insignificant piece of bread," the chances are that that night would have been the last for one or two of the party; and, had it begun to blow or to snow, the whole of them must have perished. Fortune indeed favors the brave, as these our young countrymen un-

doubtedly are: but it is possible that they have not yet known what it is to be put to shifts by bad weather. In such cases a tried mountaineer, one who passes his *winters* as well as his summers among the High Alps, has an unquestionable advantage over less experienced, however zealous and courageous, climbers.

As to the rates charged for the ascent of Mont Blanc, and the rules which prevent the selection of guides at Chamouni, we think them provoking enough. But it is fair to recollect that they are the result of that elaborate bureaucratic system which prevails in most continental states, and which the mere actors in it are utterly incompetent to redress. The code of laws of the Society of Guides, far from being the result of local association, is concocted and enforced at Bonneville and Chambery; and the smallest change in them requires as many protocols as to alter the boundaries of the Danubian Principalities. Consequently the harshness of the step announced in the following passage is only equalled by its absurdity: "There has been lately," say the Mont Blanc tourists, "a destructive fire at Chamouni. A member of our party left a cheque for the sufferers on condition that it should remain untouched until an English traveller should be at liberty to choose his own guide and to determine for himself the number he required!"

In truth we fear that neither the conduct of our self-guided friends, nor that of a majority of candidates for the reputation of having ascended Mont Blanc, will tend to raise the character of our countrymen with the keen-witted peasants of Chamouni. These last unite a discrimination of character such as we do not recollect to have met with in any other persons of their rank of life with truly diplomatic power of turning it to account, and of accommodating their behavior to the temper of the persons with whom they have to deal. Hence they cannot but feel the thoughtless *brusquerie* and affectation of superiority with which it is to be feared they are too often treated. It is easy to scoff at the guides of Chamouni as in great part "competent only to escort the dilettante tourist to the giddy heights of the Montanvert or to carry a lady's shawl to the dangerous pinnacle of the Flegère." But in this as in other callings life is not all



spent in heroic actions. The less excited observer will rather find reasons for high commendation in observing how the bravest and most intelligent natives of Chamouni fulfil not only with faithfulness but with alacrity the daily routine of their business, and adapt themselves with a skill and good humor which has often excited our admiration to answer the silly questions with which they are pestered, and to keep on good terms with the young hot-bloods who are apt enough to fancy that they can give them a lesson in their own calling.

Indeed, to appreciate the advantages (without calling in question the disadvantages, which are not denied) of the Chamouni system, one ought to be acquainted with the intolerable inconveniences to which the traveller is perpetually subjected in nearly every other part of the Alps. The guides of Courmayeur are, as described in the work before us, ignorant and impracticable; those of Martigny in general stupid and sulky. The Oberland guides are many of them excellent; but the German constitution, though enduring in a high degree, is often unimpressible and disagreeably phlegmatic, not rarely obstinate and imperious. Beyond the places which we have named, the traveller is often at his wit's end to find competent guides. He may induce a chamois-hunter now and then to give him a day's service which stands him in good stead; but to engage such guides for prolonged journeys is usually impossible, the safety of their precarious harvest far outweighing such remuneration as a tourist can offer. In the Eastern Alps and in part of Piedmond, drunkenness is the rule and sobriety the exception. The guides of Chamouni are in short nearly the only men who can be counted on at all seasons for engagements of any kind and of any length, whose sobriety, honesty, and courage are even still almost without a blot. Something must be paid for these advantages; and though the dangers of Mont Blanc may not be very great, a series of successive ascents of such a mountain undoubtedly take a great deal out of man even when he is in the highest prime of life, and on that account require higher compensation. It is all very well to ascend Mont Blanc for once—nay, even once a-year; \* but if it becomes regular taskwork

\* The only tourist who has been more than once on the summit of Mont Blanc is M. Ordinaire, a

it deserves to be well paid for. It is indeed strange that a feat to which so little that is heroic can now be attached should still excite such earnest longings on the part of Englishmen. There are other fields of adventure not hemmed in by the rules of the Guides' Society. Why do our aspirants for mountain honors not attempt the almost untrodden snows of Monte Viso and Mont Pelvoux, of the Aletschhorn and Fletschhorn, of the Tödi and the Bernina? Even at Chamouni, if they want a difficult feat not on the tariff of the Guides, did they ever try the highest part of the Aiguilles Rouges? Who has mounted the Aiguille du Midi since Mr. Romilly nearly forty years ago? And is it a record that the summit of the Aiguille ~~du~~—next but one in height to Mont Blanc in that group—has been even attempted?

The ascent of Mont Blanc has been degraded into an affair of waste and absurdity; of excess in eating and drinking; of salvos of artillery and syndic's certificates. The Chamouni guides, seeing that no honor nor much credit is now to be got out of it, make it an affair partly of lucre and partly of jollity; and it is to the credit of the peasantry that worse scenes than have taken place cannot be quoted, and that the voice of detraction has never been able to record of them a momentary dereliction of responsibility or even a brutal word.

The question cannot fail to be asked and answered, how far these pedestrian feats have fulfilled expectation and are worthy of being encouraged and repeated? It has been customary to consider them as perilous adventures, to be justified only by their contributing important information in physical science to the common stock. This is the tone taken by the author of the part of Murray's Handbook relating to Savoy, in which much is said of the cruelty of risking the lives of the guides for the gratification of mere curiosity. Serjeant Talfourd, in his pleasant "Rambles," criticizes the statement as not justified by the risk incurred, which he holds to be trifling; and also as placing a mere acquisition of scientific facts so immeasurably beyond the influence of medical man, we believe, of Besançon, who ascended twice *within a week* in the summer of 1843; and in the interval, if we recollect rightly, performed several other fatiguing excursions. His object was merely amusement or "distraction."

such unparalled scenery in enlarging our ideas and fascinating the human mind. In this we think that Talfourd is perfectly correct. Even were the experiments which can be made upon mountain tops of very material importance, they could not confer alone the privilege of embarking on such expeditions. But this becomes a more irresistible conclusion by far when it is clearly perceived, what we unhesitatingly affirm to be the fact, that in scarcely one instance have the results of such hasty ascents to Alpine pinnacles been of real service to any of the physical sciences. Some of the observations made by De Saussure at the top of Mont Blanc were of interest at the time, when the condition of the atmosphere at such heights could only be inductively guessed at. But one or two repetitions were more than sufficient to register these broad and incontrovertible facts. The laws deducible from them, and which alone are important, cannot be obtained from a few hours of difficult and embarrassed observation. De Saussure did more—ininitely more—for science, by residing for seventeen days at the more moderate elevation of the Col du Géant, than he did by his ascent of Mont Blanc, or than has been done by all the ascents which have occurred since his time. M. Agassiz in like manner benefited science materially by his prolonged sojourn on the accessible glacier of the Aar, but he added nothing to it by his adventurous ascent of the Jungfrau. Baron Humboldt complained that he was wearied with questions about the ascent of Chimborazo by persons who imagined that he was to reap there in a few hours a harvest of information about physical geography which was in reality due to his long and patient study of more accessible regions. In truth, so inconsiderable was the result, that the account of the expedition is to be sought among the fugitive pieces\* of the great naturalist. So it is with every other ascent to a mountain top which could be named. As we get beyond in succession the woods, the pastures, the animal and vegetable life of medium elevations, the scope of observations is restricted; we leave the very glaciers below us, the rocks are fewer and less varied, and all organic and inorganic nature, so far as it can be studied with minute attention, is commonly reduced

\* *Kleinere Schriften.* Erster Band.

to a small foothold of unblemished snow. Thus, then, the scientific argument is reduced to a very narrow compass. The lessons are to be gathered on the road, and not at the goal.

The lover of scenery and the more general student may be allowed a wider range of motives; and to such the attainment of an exalted elevation is a pleasure, peculiar, exquisite, and impossible accurately to define. The completeness of the conquest over obstacles, the perfect comprehension of all the parts of a mighty whole, the immeasurable grandeur of a wide horizon suddenly presented to the eye, are sources of pleasure which must have been experienced to be understood. Of these we believe that the entire apprehension of the topographical and other details of an extensive hilly country, previously estimated only by a partial insight into its component elements, is to an intelligent mind the most pleasing and permanent. The thorough comprehension of every detail of a majestic Alpine group, ramified into mutually dependent chains and pinnacles, diversified by valleys and ravines, broken up by glaciers, snow-beds, and precipices, the whole rising out of undulating lines of wood and cultivation, and of which the mutual relations are comprised in a single glance; such a revelation may be compared to that which the mathematician enjoys when he arrives at a knowledge of a widely general theorem which embraces in one compact expression a volume of previously scattered knowledge, or to that which a naturalist may feel when he masters some comprehensive principle in the structure of the animal or vegetable world, and sees how it accounts for and co-ordinates a thousand minute particulars before scarcely understood.

Another, and perhaps a still more universal source of pleasure in a mountain view, arises from the novelty as well as completeness of the point of view. A bird's-eye view, if not, properly speaking, picturesque, and the impossibility of rendering it pictorially pleasing is a proof that it is not so, presents familiar objects in new and surprising combinations and aspects. To see under our feet pinnacles on which we have always hitherto gazed upwards with admiration and awe; to trace the ice-stream from its very birthplace in the mountain-cleft to its point

of dissolution amongst the warm verdure of the valleys; to have eternally sterile rocks and unchanging snows for our foreground, while shelter and cultivation and all the works of man are removed to a distance which *feels* unapproachable though clearly discerned; to see at a glance, *all round*, the most stupendous barriers of Nature, and be present, as it were, at the same moment in two different valleys, leagues apart, which belong to different kingdoms, where different languages are spoken, and whose waters flow into different seas,—such novelty of combination among familiar elements excites the imagination, and gives rise to that feeling of admiring surprise which persons possessing the smallest share of the poetic temperament have usually felt in such situations.

To these pleasurable and ennobling sensations we must add the physical exhilaration which commonly attends all ascents not pushed to the extremest limit which occurs in the mountains of Europe. At all elevations of from 6000 to 11,000 feet, and not unfrequently for even 2000 feet more, the pedestrian enjoys a pleasurable feeling imparted by the consciousness of existence, similar to that which is described as so fascinating by those who have become familiar with the desert life of the East. The body seems lighter, the nervous power greater, the appetite is increased, and fatigue, although felt for a time, is removed by the shortest repose. Some travellers have described the sensation by the impression that they do not actually press the ground, but that the blade of a knife could be inserted between the sole of the foot and the mountain top.

Such, then, appear to us to be the elements of the enjoyment attending the ascent of mountains made under propitious circumstances. There is, first, the thorough comprehension of a complex idea previously partially received; then there is the charm of novelty in the unwonted combination of objects more or less familiar; and lastly, there is consciousness of physical exhilaration. As one or the other of these elements predominates, the resulting emotion will affect the Analytical, the Poetical, or the Sensuous faculties; and we cease to feel surprise that persons of the most varied temperament discover alike in such scenes a

peculiar charm, described by some one as "beyond and without a name," and which is more or less intensely felt as one or more of these sensibilities are called forth.

Fortunately these rewards of toil and perseverance are not peculiar to the accomplishment of the highest and most admired feats of pedestrian achievement. We imagine that even the most successful Alpine travellers will, if disposed to be candid, admit that the happiest, if not the proudest, moments of their experience have been spent on some of the more majestic *passes* of the Alps, or on some summit not of the very highest class. In such situations a favorable concurrence of circumstances is less improbable; there has been no exhaustion from previous preparation and anxiety, the atmosphere is often serene and delightful, the earlier hour at which the station may be attained increases the chances of a noble prospect, and even the prospect is itself more noble if every snowy peak has not been already sunk beneath the feet of the spectator; if the view, in short, combine the range and precision of the eagle's outlook with the contemplation of still higher summits, which preserve the grandeur of an ascending perspective with the detail of rough-hewn masses of granite and sparkling diadems of snow brought into illusory proximity by the transparency of the upper air.

On the whole, without dissuading our energetic travellers from attempting even the most difficult feats of pedestrian attainment if occasion invites, and a natural taste deliberately prompts to them, we advise that they be made rare, not essential parts of Alpine journeys; especially they ought not to be the employment of a first or second tour. Habits of observation should be formed in the more accessible parts of Switzerland, for it is only after a time that the majesty of the upper world can be fully understood. The most trodden passes of the Alps, and their most frequented stations, are, in their way, as admirable as any other. He who is insensible to the greatness of the scenery of the Montanvert, the Wengern Alp, and the Cramont, need scarcely go in quest of the sublime to the Jardin, the Col du Géant, or the Stelvio; still less need he brave the difficulties of Mont Blanc or Monte Rosa. A tour composed of great ascents would be like a dinner consisting entirely of

stimulants. The well known but never obsolete tours, of which Mr. Murray's work contains a judicious selection, must be the solid fare upon which the aspirant to a just appreciation of the Alps should be content to satisfy the ordinary demands of a healthful appetite for scenery. A common fault with our young tourists is to attempt too much in one season. A limited district well

explored yields pleasanter recollections afterwards than a surfeit of marvels crammed into the compass of a summer excursion. And it would add much to the enjoyment and utility of such tours if a somewhat greater acquaintance were attained in the rudiments of Physical Geography than is commonly to be found even among our more highly educated classes.

**VERSES ON LONDON.**—These verses are much older than the year 1811. They have not only considerable smartness, but in their original state contain some allusions to things now passed away, which I think will entitle them to be reprinted in "N. & Q.:"

**"A DESCRIPTION OF LONDON."**

*"In imitation of Scaron's Description of Paris."*

"Houses, churches, mix'd together;  
Streets, unpleasant in all weather;  
Prisons, Palaces, contiguous;  
Gates; a Bridge; the Thames irriguous.

"Gaudy things enough to tempt ye;  
Showy outsides, insides empty;  
Bubbles, Trades, Mechanic Arts;  
Coaches, Wheelbarrows, and Carts.

"Warrants, Bailiffs, Bills unpaid;  
Lords of Laundresses afraid;  
Rogues that nightly rob and shoot Men;  
Hangmen, Aldermen, and Footmen.

"Lawyers, Poets, Priests, Physicians;  
Noble, Simple, all conditions;  
Worth, beneath a threadbare cover;  
Villainy, bedaub'd all over.

"Women, black, red, fair, and gray;  
Prudes, and such as never pray;  
Handsome, ugly, noisy, still;  
Some that will not, some that will.

"Many a Beau without a shilling;  
Many a Widow not unwilling;  
Many a Bargain, if you strike it.  
This is LONDON! how d'ye like it?"

—*Banks's Poems*, 1788, i. 337.

The principal variations in the copy printed in 1st S. vii. 258, are the second line—

"Streets, cramm'd full in ev'ry weather;"

The fourth—

"Sinners sad, and saints religious,"—

removing the allusion to the city gates and the bridge. When the verses were first written, the gates of London were still standing, and there was only one bridge. The seventh line, containing an allusion to the South-Sea and its concomitant "bubbles," was very much spoiled by conversion into—

"Baubles, trades, mechanics, arts."

The sixteenth line is expressed in phraseology which now requires a gloss—

"Villainy, bedaub'd all over,"

Not bedaubed in the pillory, as it deserved, but bedaubed with gold lace, which was then the fashion, and which was frequently stigmatized by that expression. The term "prudes," in line 18, was then also a favorite one: in the altered version, the line is by no means improved into—

"Women that can play and pay."

The author of these verses was Mr. John Banks, one of the earliest contributors to the poetical department of the *Gentleman's Magazine*; and whose *Works* were printed by subscription in two volumes 8vo. Pope subscribed for two sets of the book, with this couplet:

"May these put money in your purse,  
For, I assure you, I've read worse.

"A. P."

See further of Banks in the second chapter of the "Autobiography of Sylvanus Urban," in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August last, p. 189.—*Notes and Queries*.

**CROMWELL IN FRANCE.**—Can any of your readers inform me whether there is any historical evidence to show that Oliver Cromwell was ever in France?

In Millin's *Antiquites Nationales* (a work of some authority), it is said that Cromwell was in France in 1626, and that he then visited with a friend the old castle of Vincennes; and upon being told that princes had been imprisoned in its keep, observed, that "it was not safe to touch princes, except at the head,"—implying, that their resentment rendered all measures taken against them imprudent, except extreme ones. See vol. II. p. 24, edit. of 1791.

I have never met with this story elsewhere, and I find no reference in Carlyle's *Cromwell*, or in the *Biographie Universelle*, or the new *Biographie Generale* (now publishing in Paris), or in Chalmers' *Biog. Dictionary* (voc. Cromwell), to the fact of Oliver having ever been in France. Is the story a myth? and if so, what is its origin?—*Notes and Queries*.



## SINITE PARVULOS VENIRE AD ME.

LAISSEZ. All these children are well there.

Who has said  
That the bubble of air, which my breathing has  
made,

By their breath indiscreet falls away?  
Who has said that their steps, their cries, their  
sports, their noise,  
May scare away the Muse, and chase her fleet-  
ing joys?—

Come, children, come in crowds, and play.

Come all around me, laughing, singing, and  
running;

In your shining eyes let my fancy be sunning;  
Your voice shall give wings to the hours.

Nought else, in this world, which on age never  
smiles,  
E'er comes in from without, nor disturbs with  
its wiles

The deep notes of our true latent powers.

Vexing one! who would put them aside! You  
suppose

That our hearts have not freedom, refreshment,  
repose,

When we join in their merriment high!  
Do you think I am hurt, when, disturbed in my  
mood,

My musings all reddened with fire or with blood,  
I see their fair heads passing by?

And our life: is it then so divine in your eyes,  
That you needs must prefer to these joyous cries  
A quiet which children desert?

O take not—e'en pity itself would forbid—  
A ray of the sunlight—no child's smile be hid  
From the shadowy sky, from the poet's faint  
heart.

"But from their noisy games will quickly fly  
away

Those sacred words the Muse all silently would  
say,

Those songs divine in which the soul would  
soar!"—

And what imports to me, Muse, songs, and  
vanity,

Your glory lost, and Immortality,  
If I can gain of joy a single hour?

A fine ambition, sure, and O! a fortune rare,  
To sing and ever sing for some faint echo far,  
For a vain sound which comes and goes  
away;

To live with envy filled, with bitterness and woe,  
To expiate awake the dreams of long ago,  
To build a future leading but to clay!

O, how much more I find my pleasure and my  
life

In family beloved, in leisure without strife;  
E'en should my fame, all treach'rous and  
ingrate,

Should e'en my verses, scared by these familiar  
cries,

Fly off as do a flock of birds before our gazing  
eyes,

When scared by troops of children rushing  
from the gate.

But no. Within this group nought fair shall  
pass away,

The golden East\* more rich shall give to-day  
Its painted, fair-formed flowers;  
The ballad be more fresh, and in the cloudy sky  
The Ode rush forth with no less ardent cry,  
Showing its wilder powers.

I see grow green again, amidst their joyous ring,  
My hymns perfumed, as if new songs of  
Spring.

O ye who seek for pleasures new,  
O my dear friends, childhood, with and without  
tints,

Gives fervor to our verse, as to the drooping  
plants

Aurora gives the dew.

Then hasten, children; yours are gardens, court-  
yard, house, and all;

Play round escaliers, pillars; rush and throw  
your ball

Both at the rising and departing day.

Run round, buzz, murmur, as around the flower  
the bee;

My joy and my delight, my song and soul shall  
be

Ever with you, where'er your steps may  
stray.

There are—for hearts to vulgar clamors deaf—  
Harmonious sounds, accords and echoes brief,

Ever unheard, except in dim retreat;

Notes of a concert grand but interrupted oft,  
Winds, waves, the whispering leaves, the flow-  
ing waters soft,—

These make the musing heart with secret  
rapture beat.

For me, whate'er the world, my future, or man-  
kind,

If memory I court, or seek oblivion blind,

If God afflict me or console,

I wish to live while here my days are spent,

Only where children's joy and merriment

Shall quickly make the flying moments roll.

[From the French of Victor Hugo, *Les feuilles  
d'Automne.*]

\* An allusion to the poems called "Les Orien-  
tales."

## THE SUN THAT WARMS.

THE Sun that warms the fading flower

May cheer, not change its doom;

May stay its fate for one brief hour;

But ne'er restore its bloom!

So, when the wither'd heart receives

The light of love too late,

Its charm a while the wreck relieves,

But cannot change its fate!

That heart, if yesterday caress'd,

Perchance had 'scaped decay!

That smile, which yesterday had blest,

Comes all in vain to-day!

Then, O! Love's vow of honor keep—

Nor let Affection wait;

For vain repentance, vain to weep,

When kindness comes too late!

—Charles Swain.

From Titan.

## THREE LOVE-DREAMS.

## DREAM THE THIRD.

How I loved the Jewess, whose countenance, hardly seen, had so fascinated me! What an angel-image remained with me of this frail being, this exquisite mingle of grace, beauty, and humility!

The thought of death ripens slowly. In the first years of life the word is poor in sense. In the eyes of childhood every thing is of yesterday, blooming, budding. For the youth, all is fulness, power, overflowing. This or that one vanishes, but dies not. To die! thus forever to be parted from all joy, from the laughing face of nature, from all those brightening expectations, which are so living, so near; to be parted from one's own limbs, now glowing with the warmth of life, then cold, stark, crumbling in the lap of decay; to think of one's-self down in the grave, in the shroud, in the earth—these are thoughts which may occur to the old man, but he chases them away; to the youth they never suggest themselves. He laughs with life, and laughs away the idea of death.

And she dies whom he loves; he will never see her again; he saw her funeral, her coffin, her grave—but she remains to him the same; unchanging, ever beautiful, pure, and with her timid smile, her downcast look, her touching voice, chaining his soul. He loses her whom he loves; his heart breaks; his eye is filled with tears; he seeks, he calls, he speaks to her, sees her still present, gives to the shade his own life, his own love,—unchanged she stands before him, ever beautiful and pure, with her timid smile, her downcast look, her touching voice. He loses her whom he loves; no, he is only separated from her; she is only elsewhere, and there transfigured. All around her there is invested with a mild light, with a charm, and a sweet mystery. And yet, where the beautiful body rests, it is night, cold, damp, and the loathsome ministers of death are busy.

It is a happy thing, the light-heartedness of poor mortals, although not always their light-mindedness. How else would they endure the pain of life? I sought to occupy myself; willingly I wandered, on Sunday evenings, into the neighborhood of shady vines, where, to the sound of glasses and songs, the so-called common people jested

away the cares and troubles of the work-day world. Oftentimes I joined them. I am glad to belong to the middling class, where are domesticated most of the virtues which are rarely found among the highest or the lowest. Or I let Grotius and Puffendorf lie, because Teniers and Ostade were more alluring.

My good uncle had a prejudice against the profession of an artist. He held a chisel and pencil unworthy of a thinking being, especially of one who intends to eat, drink, and be married. Oddly enough, while he despised artists, he honored art greatly, especially in its relation to the domain of learning, and as it furnished material for investigation and learned dissertations. My uncle had written two volumes on the Glyptic of the Greeks.

I troubled myself little about the Grecian Glyptic. I saw more in the fresh green of the woods, the blue of the mountains, the nobility of the human form, the grace of woman, the silvery beard of age. These things charmed me with a mysterious magic, and I stood before the successful copies of nature intoxicated with admiration and pleasure. I myself sketched, when a boy, in my books, and drew, now Dido, now Iarbas, and even Venus, as the verses of Virgil suggested to me one or another of these personages.

Uncle Toms had at first smiled at my figures, but found that they lured me from my studies. Yet, without wishing or suspecting it, he it was who was always tempting me to the love of art. When I had to accompany him on Sunday evenings in his pleasure-walks to the neighborhood of the vines, how could I remain indifferent to the beautiful changes of light and shade, the animated, picturesque groups of people, where merriment, friendship, intoxication, comic gravity, boyish roguery, and caricature in all shapes appeared. When my uncle saw that figures of a more familiar appearance gradually succeeded to the Didos and Iarbases on the cover of my books, these walks to the vines ceased. He led me contrary to his inclination, and, notwithstanding his years, to the remotest environs of the city, oftentimes even to the rocks of Saleve Mountain, where the Arve winds through the green valley, forming and embracing lonely islands, and presenting the mirror of

its waters to the mild evening light. From the spot where we were wont to rest, we could see an old bark, as it floated with some country people towards the opposite shore, or a long row of cows slowly wading from the island to the mainland, the herdsman following upon his old horse, with two chubby children. The lowing of the kine lost itself at last in the distance, and the long procession vanished in the blue twilight.

These spectacles delighted me above all things. I always returned to the city with a softened heart, and with my memory full of beautiful pictures, and longing to transfer the miracles to paper. I wasted the evening hours in the attempt, filled up my rude outlines with the most dazzling colors, and trembled with delight at the sight.

Although my uncle wrote upon the Glyptic and the labors of Phidias, and knew the three manners of Raphael by heart, he understood very little of drawing and painting. He honored the beautiful age of the Revival of Art, but had a special preference for the medallions of Le Prince and the shepherd scenes of Boucher, with which he had decorated his library. Yet there hung by his bed a picture, in a rusty old frame, which equally interested us both—him, because, older than the age of Raphael, it threw light upon the question concerning the discovery of oil-painting; and me, because it revealed to me, more than any thing else, the mysterious power of beauty.

It was a Madonna with the Christ-child. A halo of gold surrounded Mary's chaste brow, her tresses fell over her shoulders, and a blue tunic with long sleeves hid neither her attitude full of simple grace, nor the tender form of the young mother. Beyond this, the picture showed no art of composition, and bore the strong stamp of a devotional age. But the youthful Madonna was the object of my admiration, my love, my adoration. And whenever I entered the room, my first look and my last were fixed upon it. But my uncle, who could find no connection between the study of the law and the picture, had it taken away.

My jurisprudence went forwards not a hair the better for that. And when afterwards my Jewess died, then I died also to all work, all ambition, all pleasure. I took neither pencil nor book in hand, only one

thing continued dear to me—the book in green morocco. So passed weeks, months, years. My poor uncle was troubled, but he uttered no reproach.

One day I came to him, and took my usual place at his table. He was at his books, just transcribing a quotation. I was struck with the trembling of his hand as he wrote. This mark of his great age alarmed me, and I could have wept out of a full heart.

He was my Providence on earth, and, as far as my recollections extended back, they showed me his parental fondness as my sole protection. I may be allowed to describe him more particularly.

He is not unknown among the learned, especially those who busy themselves about the Greek Glyptic and the bull *Unigenitus*. His name stands in the catalogues of public libraries; his work one sees on their shelves. Our family, originally from Germany, settled at the beginning of the last century, about the year 1720, in Geneva. Here my uncle was born in an old house, formerly a monastery, of which the corner tower is still standing. This is all I know of the descent of my uncle and his early years. He devoted himself, after he had completed his academic course, wholly, I believe, to the sciences, and, out of love to them, to celibacy, and occupied the house where he spent his whole life, without connection with the city, in the company of his books alone.

His name, known to some foreign scholars, especially in Germany, was scarcely mentioned in the quarter of the city where he dwelt. His housekeeping without noise, his old-fashioned dress without change, his habits ever the same—people saw him, as they see every thing which remains unaltered—houses, trees, doorways—without observing him. Only twice or thrice was I asked by passers-by who the old gentleman was. But they were strangers who were struck by the peculiarity of his appearance and dress. Their curiosity made me proud. "He is my uncle!" answered I.

This outward mode of life regulated the inward. A stranger to the busy world, to its interests and passions, he held only to his books; examined their doctrines and propositions, not with the suspicious doubts of a philosopher, but with that self-possessed mind which is in no haste to assent or deny.

A native tenderness of mind as to the proper kept him from every thing unbecoming; the solitary modest life he led preserved in him a primitive simplicity of morals, while his disposition, humane rather than sensitive, rendering him more dignified than attractive, devoid of all suspicion, and not constrained and frightened back into himself by disappointment, he preserved a certain youthful freshness, which expressed itself in deed and thought. And, as ever when virtue costs no struggle, the excellent old man, without pride or austerity, was adorned with a true modesty, a pure goodness of soul, and a touching charm of innocence.

When the week had passed away in work, he devoted Sunday to the enjoyment of rest and relaxation. Early came an old barber, a contemporary of his, to put his beard and peruke in due order. Then he betook himself, in his new chestnut-brown coat, of an old-fashioned cut, to church, leaning on his Spanish cane with a gold head, with his neat psalm-book bound in shagreen with silver clasps under his arm. There, in his accustomed seat, he listened with a conscientious devotion to the sermon, mingled his tremulous voice in the song of the congregation, put his alms, always liberal, and always the same, into the box, and then returned home. We dined at noon. In the evening we took our quiet walk.

Our old maid-servant had lived with him some thirty years. More robust than she, he chose rather to make up her deficiencies himself than give her a rival. Instead of being vexed at her forgetfulness, he was wont to cheer her with a rallying jest. It must be confessed, however, that he was many a time angry with her, when she refused to submit patiently to the prescriptions of Hippocrates. My good uncle, while he tyrannized over her with his Hippocrates, was himself in fact her servant. When she was ill, he gave her his own easy-chair, and I saw, when he had got her into it, how he himself made her bed for her, and by so doing allured to her pale lips a smile.

One evening, when she suffered unusual pain, he carefully noted all the symptoms, consulted his book, thought of an excellent medicine, and then hastened to the apothecary's, to see it prepared with his own eyes. It was almost midnight. He did not return as soon as was expected. I had to go after

him; but I found at the apothecary's that he had left. I took the way home he had taken, and saw in the darkness a human figure, dragging something heavy, laying it down in a corner, and then seeking to ascertain that it lay firmly. It was my uncle, who was surprised to see me. I told him why I came. "I should have been at home long ago," said he, "if it had not been for this monstrous stone, which I had almost fallen over." This incident was characteristic of the excellent old man. Hurried and feeble as he was, he had all alone dragged the great stone aside, that no one else might suffer injury.

It will be readily understood, now, why I was so distressed at the trembling of his hand, especially when I connected with it his diminished appetite, his shorter walks, and his visible exhaustion at church on Sundays; all which he did not like to be noticed.

As I gave myself over to sad thoughts, I saw with astonishment the Madonna again in its old place. I had supposed that my uncle had sold it to a Jew, who had for a long time wished to possess it. Quite mechanically I rose and went and stood before the picture.

"This Madonna—" said my uncle, with a weak voice, and then paused, surprised by his feelings. I knew very well, that nothing but his intense desire to see a scion of the family ennobled by the light of a learned profession could have induced him to take away the picture which threatened to seduce me from the Law to Art. And, undoubtedly, he reproached himself for having done so, as a piece of hard-heartedness. "This Madonna," he began again—"I had put it away because—because—but I ought not to have done it—I will give it to you. Take it down to your room."

While he said this, he recovered his usual serenity; but I, on the contrary, lost mine altogether, his kindness touched me so deeply.

"But give me in return my books again," he continued, smiling. "My Grotius is tired down there with you, my Puffendorf only sleeps there. The old woman says there are long cobwebs stretching from one to the other. In God's name, let every one go as nature draws him. The Law certainly offers an honorable career. But Art too has its good side; one may make a name by that, too, although it rewards one badly.



However, by economy, by laying up, and with some assistance—soon too, when I am no more, my little property——”

Here I was no longer master of myself. I wept bitterly. He was silent; he looked at me, at last approached me, and said, wholly mistaking the cause of my weeping: “Well, she was worthy of your tears. She was a good child—so beautiful, and still so young, and yet——”

“No, my dear uncle, I do not weep for the Jewess, no! but you say such painful things. What would become of me, if you were no more?”

These words dissipated his error, and so lightened his heart that he immediately recovered his old cheerfulness.

“Now, now, poor Julius, you are weeping then on my account?” cried he. “Don’t take it so much to heart; one lives still! At four-and-eighty, one is evidently on the boundary; but I have my Hippocrates still. Take heart, dear child. We are talking only of the fine arts, of nothing else, and of—a little wrong I have done. See you, old age comes for you as well as for me—you do not like jurisprudence; well, then, devote yourself to painting. One must follow his bent. You take the Madonna. We will seek a room for you. Do you begin here, and finish at Rome. So will it be best; only don’t vegetate! When one once knows his goal, let him hasten forwards, reach it, take a wife——”

“No,” cried I; “never!”

“Well, it may be so, Julius. But why would you never marry?”

“I have”—stammered I—“I have made a vow.”

“Yes, yes. She was a good child, so beautiful, and still so young! You are right. Do as you please. But you must choose a profession. That is the main thing.”

I did violence to myself in seeming glad that I was allowed to exchange the Law for Art; but it was impossible. I embraced my uncle, and retired to my solitude.

I must here introduce a description of the boarders residing in the same house with us; for, besides my uncle and the painter, whose room I had, when a boy, thrown into such a horrible confusion, there were yet other persons dwelling there. I will begin at the lowest story and ascend to the high-

est, whose lonely occupant, nearest to heaven, had actually taken his way thither, and made place for me in the pretty attic, where I could establish myself as an artist. The reader may perhaps ask what all these people have to do with my simple history. Nothing at all, perhaps. But the recollections of youth refresh me greatly. They breathe through me like the air of spring. And why may I not say it frankly?—I tell my story first for myself and my own pleasure, next for others. I am sure of pleasing the first, not so sure of pleasing the last.

To begin, then. In the same storey with us dwelt an old ex-professor, a kind-hearted, jovial man, who had earned his pension by forty years’ honest labor in the dust of a school-room. Regularly every morning he watered the flowers of a little garden; in the afternoon he took his siesta; in the evening he opened all his windows, in order to drink in the fresh breeze in company with his canary birds. A quantity of Latin phrases clung to him, which he had brought from his school, and which he shook off upon every occasion, especially for the benefit of his canary birds and the reigning lady-housekeeper. Luckily the latter understood as little of his Latin as the former.

A storey higher, lived a peevish old councillor of the republic, wholly retired from all business—a Geneva Cato. In summer he sat at the window, looking at the bustle in the street, and vexing himself with real delight at his own vexation, when he saw new-fashioned mansions rising; or instead of small-clothes, pantaloons; instead of queue and bag, short hair; or round hats in the place of three-cornered ones. He railed chiefly at the youth of young people. He saw in every thing the decline of morals, and the approaching ruin of the state. In winter he sat, his feet in furred slippers, in the chimney corner, and, to feed his vexation, read the newspapers, which, after reading them about four times over, in his rage at the folly of the world and the multitude of political errors, he flung into the fire. To refresh himself, once a-month he took his place, on an appointed day, at the household. There he distributed alms to some old beggars, contemporaries, weather-beaten relics of the good old times.

Over him dwelt, silent and retired, the numerous family of a geometriician, who

was employed as a surveyor. Every day he was engaged till night over his plans and tables, and only rarely allowed himself and his wife and children any little amusement or pleasure-party. Even then he partook of pleasure with a countenance as grave and dry as the mathematics themselves.

But, in the room adjoining his, all was perpetual noise. It was occupied by a professor of the violoncello, who gave lessons in music. Right and left, the small rooms and cabinets were taken by students, who were learning from the professor. The gentlemen were great smokers, learned their tasks aloud, sang ballads, sounded bugles and flageolets, so that the heaven-reaching symphonies in this region were perfectly horrible, and the ex-professor below often exclaimed, "Quousque tandem!"

From these realms of sound, one ascended to the large, quiet attic, where the geometer had also a chamber for his labors. My chamber adjoined his, pleasant, light, and almost of equal height with the large Gothic ornaments under the cupola of the cathedral church. From this lofty place, the eye rested on the naked roofs of the city, the smoke of whose chimneys vanished before it reached that elevation. I looked out on the broad, beautiful waters, on the mountains, and the glaciers. But—

But I was no longer at the age of happy boyhood, when things of this sort exercise a magic power over the heart. The young man, engaged from year to year with his pallet before the easel, casts only a glance abroad. The beautiful no longer rules him; he would rule the beautiful through imitation; he observes and watches only colors and outlines, whence the magic of beauty springs. In view of this commanding scenery, I felt my heart empty. In every thing there was something cold, dead. I thirsted after warm life, and my longings were without definite aim. Often, faint and sick, I threw aside my pencil, and gave myself up to gloomy reveries, or quitted the house, and sought a new direction to my mind, in the free air, in meadows and woods.

One day, as I returned from one of these excursions, I observed standing under the great linden, not far from our door, a brilliant equipage. I had scarcely passed it, when a voice, a well-known, sweet voice,

sounded in my ear, filling me with joyful surprise. I turned quickly round. "Mr. Julius?" cried the voice again, more movingly than before. I turned back. The carriage-door flew open, and I saw before me the lovely Lucy. She was in mourning. In her eye glistened a tear.

"Ah!" sighed I. "And he was so worthy to live! How much have you, my lady—how much have you lost in him!" For now again I saw her in imagination as I had formerly seen her in her white dress, in her child-like, tender anxiety for her venerable father, as he leaned upon her arm. I remembered his words, his kindness to me. My eyes were wet. Lucy, still too much moved, could not answer, and only pressed my hand with a fervor which was restrained only by a graceful modesty.

"I trust," said she at last, "you are happier than I; you still have your uncle with you."

"Yes, my lady, he lives; but he is bending beneath the weight of years. How often have I thought of your venerable father, and every day I have learned better how to sympathize with your anxiety."

Lucy now turned to a gentleman sitting beside her, to whom she explained, in a few words in English, through what chance she had become acquainted some five years ago with me and my uncle, and how the sight of me had moved her, as it reminded her of her father; she added something flattering about me and my uncle; and when she spoke of my being an orphan, there was in her tones and in her features an expression of the same tender sympathy which had formerly touched me so deeply. The gentleman, who appeared to be master of no language but his own, extended his hand to me with an air of kind regard.

"This gentleman," said Lucy to me, "is my husband—the protector and friend whom my father himself gave me. I did not keep my father long after we parted with you. Eighteen months afterwards God called him. He often smiled at the remembrance of your history. When, soon or late, dear Mr. Julius, you suffer a like loss to mine, pray write to me. I must see your uncle once more. Tell me—I stopped just at this spot to speak with the painter who painted my father's portrait—do you think I shall find him without company?"

"Undoubtedly, my lady; he does not indeed reside here any longer; but you have only to give me your commands, and I will deliver them to my brother artist."

"Indeed! Then you have been allowed to follow your inclination? Well, then, Mr. Julius, I will accept your offer with thanks, and will appoint a time. But you will permit my husband and me to see some of your works? Do you still live here, in the same house?"

I answered her question, not without a little embarrassment. After some further conversation, I retired, and the carriage drove off.

This apparition of Lucy, with all its recollections of earlier days, restored to me the energy which for several months past I had lost in brooding over my sorrows. But—may I confess it!—although I had hitherto loved my Jewess with tender melancholy, the bitterness of that remembrance from this moment vanished, and my soul, set free from the past, turned again to the present and the future. And yet the pleasure of my surprise at this meeting with the beautiful Lucy was not wholly unalloyed. I experienced a disagreeable sensation when I saw the strange gentleman at her side; and when she told me it was her husband, I felt my heart crushed together as by an ice-cold hand. What was the matter with me? I had long ceased to think of Lucy. But the disagreeable feeling was very transient, and it had vanished before the carriage had disappeared. I saw in Lucy only the amiable wife of a man who seemed to me worthy of all esteem.

I lived now for some days in the remembrance of this meeting and in the hope of soon seeing Lucy again. I set my works in order for her—some copies, among which was that of the Madonna, two or three portraits, and several specimens of my own composition, not badly done, as my vanity whispered to me. All were set out in the best light when Lucy came, accompanied by her husband.

Could I only portray this lovely woman, those features full of gentleness, whose attraction was enhanced by the brilliancy of her rank and wealth, this natural, kindly being, whom neither the fashion nor the prejudices of the so-called great world had sophisticated! If a certain melancholy was

visible in her countenance, it vanished, when she spoke, in a gracious smile; and even when she was silent, there was something winning in her looks. The moment she entered my modest attic, her first words were encouraging congratulations. She surveyed my works with special sympathy. She spoke of them with enthusiasm to her husband; yet only once, when they whispered, did Lucy's air and tone call up a blush on my face. I felt that she esteemed me too highly.

I heard the step of my uncle approaching. I flew to the door and opened it. Lucy, anticipating his appearance, had risen from her seat, and was hastening towards him, when, catching sight of the old man, she immediately drew back, unable to conceal how much she was affected by his looks. But my uncle, always cheerful, and true to his old-fashioned gallantry, took the hand of the young lady, and bowing, pressed it to his lips. "Permit me, lady," said he, "to return the visit with which you honored me some five years ago, when you brought me this naughty boy here. I know—I know," he continued, seeing Lucy's tears flowing; "you have been heavily afflicted. The noble old man was your father. I know, too, that this gentleman is your husband, and worthy is he to be so, since your father approved of him."

Lucy's husband pressed my uncle's hand with great cordiality, and offered him a chair. Lucy herself apologized for her great emotion. "When I saw you for the first time in Lausanne," said she, "you and my father in the same room, both about the same age, both happily necessary to two others, a presentiment came over me, which your presence at this moment calls back very vividly. I thank heaven that I see you so well. Had I not accidentally met Mr. Julius, I would not have left Geneva without inquiring after you. How sorry I am that you should have come up so high on my account!"

"You are very kind, my lady," said my uncle; "you are an angel! How one loves to hear you speak! Your father in Lausanne—he mounted pretty high, too, but was not rewarded with a reception like this—a reception which you alone, with your voice, your kind heart, your grace, could give. My dear, may you yet be happy, very

happy! Soon, very soon, I shall have to mount up much higher, when—but my poor Julius stands by, and he does not like to hear me speak of it.”

Thus the conversation took a turn which caused our eyes to fill with tears. Probably this moved our good uncle to leave us sooner than he had intended to do. We three attended him to the door, full of those emotions of tenderness and veneration which such a venerable man inspires, and with which melancholy thoughts mingle.

When he had retired, we continued to talk of him. Lucy thought she saw a great resemblance in him to her father, especially in his cheerful humor, and his genuine, old-fashioned politeness. But she suddenly changed the subject of conversation. “Dear Mr. Julius,” said she, not without a slight blush, “we have brought with us my father’s portrait. We wish to have two copies of it; and, indeed, to make them still more dear to us, we wish them to be done by your hand. Will you? These productions of yours are a pledge of your success, although the remembrance which you cherish of my father is dearer to me than your talent.”

Let the reader imagine my joy! I had to exert all my power to prevent them from seeing it. But Lucy and her husband might easily have guessed it from my first start of surprise. And the consciousness that the work did not exceed my ability increased my pleasure.

Instantly, the very same day, I set to work. What an inspiring employment, to charm the venerable Englishman on to the canvas, and by his side his fair daughter in her fair spring-time, her sweet look, the soft outline of her noble form, and the lovely position of the whole!

“The dear little soul!” exclaimed my uncle, when I related to him my good fortune. “I lamented, when I saw her, that I did not know English instead of Hebrew. But, Julius, if rejoices me you are in heaven again—it is all right. But do yourself honor with the pictures! Observe carefully the laws of *clara-obscura*, the laws of linear and aerial perspective, and the due arrangement of light and shade—and then—The dear little soul! so beautiful, and as good as she is beautiful, the personification of goodness!”

The appearance of the brilliant equipage

before our door, the splendid liveries, and the coat-of-arms on the coach-door, had indeed occasioned no small sensation, and led to a thousand conjectures among our house-mates. It was discovered, at last, what had occurred to no one, that the distinguished visit was to me alone. The glory of my name, the greater for being unexpected, soon mounted from storey to storey. The old professor prided himself not a little, in having prophesied my success as an artist, and exclaimed:

“Non ego perfidum  
Dixi sacramentum.”

On the other hand, the violoncellist, with his whole musical troupe, had been thrown into great commotion. Students love life at the windows. Fifteen heads at least appeared there, stretched out one over the other; when the footman sprang from the carriage, opened the door, let down the steps, and the young lady, leaning on her husband’s arm, stepped out and entered the house. “It must be a dilettanta,” thought the virtuoso, “whom Providence at last—” And all now flew to the windows which looked out upon the stairs. Lucy ascended from storey to storey, and straight—such a beauty to the young artist! My fame rose to the stars.

The geometrician alone and his family troubled themselves little about the extraordinary event. He had gone out into the country to measure a piece of land. His wife was busy with her domestic cares, and the eldest daughter remained in the attic-room next to mine, immovable before the tables and calculations of her father.

In the mean while my work advanced. Early in the morning I went to my room, and there labored *con amore* until sundown. This regularity led me into a somewhat nearer acquaintance with the geometrician. He with his daughter went as early and regularly as I up to the attic. As he went into his working-room, to give his daughter her task for the day, I went into mine. This neighborhood, this uniformity of habits, brought us gradually together, so that the man, in spite of his economy of time, turned a few moments before we entered our respective rooms to chat with me. His daughter was wont to go before, with the key of the door. She was of an agreeable figure, more noble than pretty, always very simply dressed,



with her beautiful hair lightly wound around her comb; there was the freshness of youth in her whole bearing. Although, as is the case where the education is strict, the maiden was timid and modest, yet there appeared in her features a certain fearless pride, which was more strongly marked in the countenance of her father. Unversed in the courtesies of the polished world, she had her own attractive ways, a dignity and gentleness, which, humble as her condition was, never betrayed her lowly rank in her deportment. I was chiefly moved by the self-devotion of the young maiden, which led her in the age of joy, without rest, almost without relaxation, to give herself to occupations so foreign to her sex, in order, in common with her father, to make provision for the support of the family.

From this time onwards, I regularly took great care to be early enough to avoid the danger of being compelled to go up the stairs alone. But many a time it happened that the geometrician had given his daughter her work—her name was Henrietta—a day beforehand. She then went up in the morning to the attic alone. Those were lost days for me. For, from the fear of throwing Henrietta into the same embarrassment which I sometimes felt myself, I knew not how to mend the matter better than by hurrying forward or loitering on the way, when she happened to be already on the stairs.

But, once seated before my easel, it had for me quite a peculiar charm to know that my invisible fellow-laborer was so near. Every noise in the next room brought before me her person, her gait, her different movements. It became insupportably lonely to me when the hour called her to dinner; I could not, I would not, pursue my labors, and by-and-by I began to break off at the same time and got out.

But one thing had struck me. In the first days, before I had established my morning habits, she had sometimes with her soft voice sung a little ballad, and just as I began to listen with increasing pleasure, it ceased. Was that accident? Was it on my account? Had she a suspicion that I would hear? Was it a sign that she busied herself in silence about me as I about her? A hundred questions arose, and a hundred things to be considered and weighed. After the copies

for Lucy were finished, nothing would succeed with me; I left the canvas untouched, and the colors and the pencil where they lay.

I no longer indulged, as formerly, in a fantastic jumble of indistinct dreamings. No; Lucy was married, and why not I? And Henrietta!—After the wedding, without any great trouble, a door might be made in the partition between our two rooms. Hers might be the parlor. In mine we could work together, she before her papers and calculations, I before my pictures. How very simple! It was all ready to happen of itself.

Happy age! Last golden gush of heaven from the rosy dawn of life, soon to be lost in the consuming beams of the hot noonday sun! Yes, I thought in all seriousness of making Henrietta my life-companion before I had exchanged a syllable with the young maiden. In marriage—which with the poet is the grave of love, and with the moralist a strong but sacred tie—I saw an Eden blooming in eternal spring, an earthly ante-heaven. How the house was to be kept, what new wants would rise, how children were to be educated and provided for!—things of this sort had never before occurred to me, certainly not then; and indeed they were quite too prosaic.

One morning, when I was settled at the window, thinking on the aforesaid ante-heaven, and looking at the professor who was watering his tulips in his garden below, I heard a slight noise near me. It was Henrietta opening her window. She looked out. We could easily have touched hands. That she had not known I was there, I saw at once; for she grew fire-red. Not to show that my nearness had occasioned her any greater embarrassment than it fitted her womanly pride to betray, she could not immediately retire from the window. So she maintained her position, but looked steadily at the roofs and the flying clouds to conceal her confusion. I was frightened, and looked another way. Yet now or never was the moment to address her for the first time, who was to be my life-companion; that I saw plainly. I twice opened my lips, but my voice failed me. At last I made a mortal effort, and said, casting my eyes down towards the professor, "These tulips—"

I had scarcely uttered these two words,

when Henrietta drew back her pretty head, and vanished from my side before the professor could look up.

"Aha! You are looking at my gardening?" cried he. "Purpureos spargam flores!"

There was nothing very agreeable to me in the professor's Latin.

"Verily, et carduus florem mittit," he continued; "but thistles, although they sting so nicely, are not therefore roses, let alone tulips. You, my admirable artifex, you should be a flower-painter; and see you this variegated tulip here, in the finest brilliancy of color. With your brush you might immortalize it for posterity. In Holland it would bring between two brothers twenty ducats——"

What did I care for posterity and Holland? The professor, bent over his tulip-bed, no doubt went on with his German-Latin long after I had shut down my window, and was seated there, overcome with shame and mortification.

The miserable result of my first attempt to speak to Henrietta robbed me of all desire to repeat it. I was humble enough to content myself still with the passages on the stairs. So again passed away several weeks, silent and dull.

Henrietta seldom received visits. Now and then her mother, when her domestic cares allowed, came and worked and chatted with her a few moments. One afternoon, when I was at my window, I observed that Henrietta's was also open, for I could hear every word: I leaned out and listened.

"Your father will return home," said the mother, "about six o'clock. I have got the children ready, that we may go out a little while."

"Mother dear, I shall have to remain here; for, if I leave my work, how shall I finish it to-morrow? It must be done on Thursday, you know."

"You are a good child to work so for us. I shall rejoice when your brothers will be able to help you."

"And so shall I, for father's sake."

"Father is, God be thanked, active and still young. When he grows old, or in case of sickness, I shall begin to be anxious about him. But you—you may leave us before then."

"My health is good, and I hope to remain where I am."

"I hope so too; but, dear child, the time will come when you will think of providing for yourself."

"Mother dear, I am well provided for with you and father. I belong to you, to no one else, and better that we should live somewhat straitened, than that I should be in any way parted from you. That would be double want."

"You would have then a rich husband."

"No; by no means. I should not be the equal of such an one. But it will never enter my thoughts to work for another and not for our family."

"You are perfectly right, Henrietta, not to desire riches. In spite of our straitened circumstances, I am quite happy in your father and in you all; yet think, child, of living in still greater want, but to share it and bear it with an honest husband, is better than to remain unmarried."

"But there are few men, dear mother, as good as father."

The chatting continued, but it had for me a taste of bitter-sweet. The virtuous pride of the young maiden did indeed increase my respect for her, and it pleased me not a little that her heart was free; but this heart seemed too calm and cold, and showed too little softness and susceptibility, to encourage a young man of my stamp. What still comforted me were the mother's words. When the worthy woman spoke the praises of a poverty honestly and nobly borne, there was something favorable for me. I was at least honest, of that I was conscious; and I was without any thing but rich.

Unfortunately, however, Henrietta did not depend entirely upon her mother. The independent, proud character of all the members of this family was united in every individual, singularly enough, and yet very naturally, with the most entire submissiveness and devotion to the will of the head of the family. The geometrician—dry, grave, decisive, straightforward in his deportment, rough in his manner—exercised, by the example of his blameless walk and self-devotion, unbounded authority in his domestic circle. His wife loved him with an involuntary reverence, and Henrietta, who placed him so high above all men, cherished for him a filial affection more fervent than visible, more reverential than enthusiastic.

The more I became acquainted with this

family, so little known in their obscurity, the more I found in them to admire. In all their poverty, yet rich in their virtue, they took rank with the noblest in the city. How truly great appeared this man in his humble relations! But this austerity, and this submissiveness, and all the collected virtues of the family, were of little advantage to me. What did they avail me, if I found not favor in the eyes of the father and master! What availed it that the geometrician was a grave, practical man, laborious, of rough republican virtue, when I saw very plainly that these qualities, which, without doubt, he would require in his future son-in-law, were least of all prominent in my own character? All I had to do was to let him see my characteristic virtues, and offer them to him as substitutes of those in which I was deficient. But this was not so easy. For already the cold manner of this man, his proud, penetrating eye, his decisive tone, had given him, whenever we met, a secret power over me, a superiority which always embarrassed me and made me awkward. Under these circumstances, the prospect of showing him my worth was not the most inviting.

As it always is, however, the greater the difficulty, the greater the charm in conquering it. Upon the father I did not venture, but I preferred to try to approach the daughter; and here I went to work as for life. I devised projects and plans of proceeding truly gigantic. The great point was to seek the best opportunity of accomplishing my enterprise in the most knightly manner, so I planned and planned long, and so long and so admirably, that always one opportunity after another escaped me before I could come to a declaration.

Of mornings, when we betook ourselves together wholly alone to our attic-rooms, I had already got so intimate with Henrietta, that I greeted her, inquired about her father, and gave her the benefit of my opinion now of the fine weather, and now of the rain. Ten times at least I was on the point of saying something else to her; but a hot glow would come up into my face, and in my agitation I could not utter a word; so I postponed the terrible business until I could find myself in her vicinity without blushing or discomposure. In the mean time, her father again made one of the party, and Henrietta no longer went up-stairs alone.

But, as everybody knows, love makes one inventive. At noon Henrietta usually went to dinner alone, and came unaccompanied back. I resolved to become her companion on these occasions. The matter went on finely. I should have nothing to do but to bring forward the main question. But just then the family suddenly changed their dinner-hour; so I had to go alone morning and evening.

A last resort remained—a very rash one, it is true, but quite infallible. I was to go, upon some pretence, to Henrietta's room, and there open my heart. I was several times on my way thither; and all would have been well, had I not always turned back again, until Henrietta's mother gradually fell into the habit of coming to work with her in the attic.

One morning there came a knock at my door. I sprang to open it. It was Lucy. The visit of this lady quickly cheered me up. I was at once put in tune; I knew very well with what flattering grace this beautiful English-woman was wont to say the prettiest things to me, and I thought too that Henrietta, on the other side of the thin partition, might catch a good part of what was said.

Lucy, just returned from a short excursion, came to inquire about the copies of her father's portrait. I showed them to her. She had the goodness to appear delighted, and to lavish her commendation on my talents. I was scarcely conscious of myself from joy when she changed the conversation by inquiring whether I had been at home the day before, and I had replied: "Did you take the trouble to come up here? Yesterday my uncle called for me, and I had to accompany him."

"So I learned," said Lucy, "from a young person who works in the next room, and with whom I rested a few moments. What is the name of the pretty creature, pray?"

At this question I grew very red all over. Lucy observing it, not without some embarrassment, immediately resumed—"I have, very thoughtlessly, dear Julius, put a question to you which must make me seem very curious and impertinent in your eyes. Pardon me. I was prompted only by the interest I had taken in a young person, whose manners prepossessed me greatly."

"Her name is Henrietta——" stammered I, still in confusion. "You are right, she is very amiable; I often repeat her name, and

never without emotion; very amiable; you smile; having once said so much to you, I may tell you what you have already guessed. By your question you have discovered a secret, which, hidden in my inmost heart, I had not revealed to a single soul. But why not to you? You stand amid all my remembrances of earlier times as a holy guardian angel. Yes, this young person—I see her daily; she works every day in the adjoining room, and yet, our acquaintance is the slightest possible; still, I love her——”

We were here interrupted; Lucy's husband entered. We returned to the copies, and soon my visitors left me.

I rejoiced to be alone. I had to draw my breath again. And yet I was happy, beaming with joy, proud of myself. I had spoken the word, and so well, so exactly at the right moment—how I admired myself! And what more than all the rest made a god of me was, that Henrietta, who had been perfectly free to leave her room, never quitted it until after the arrival of Lucy's husband. Henrietta, since she had heard my confession, had heard it willingly, and, as she had heard it willingly, her heart must be mine. Lastly, as a full hour passed, and she did not return, as usual, I was convinced that, as an affectionate and dutiful daughter, she had told all, confessed all to her parents. One could easily guess what the family were about.

In these dreamings, in anxious and delighted expectation of the issue of things, hour after hour passed. At last I heard steps upon the stairs, which suddenly turned to my door. The door was quickly thrown open; to my amazement, it was the geometer!

My physiognomy did not probably present its ordinary expression; for the geometer instantly began with his characteristic abruptness: “Why are you so pale at my appearance? You might have expected me.”

“Really—I had flattered myself that——” so I stammered, and came to a full stop.

“Just recover yourself first. Let us be seated.”

We took seats.

“It is a principle with me,” he began again (and his sharp eye was fastened on me), “to go the *straight* way to work. For some time I have observed that you, sir, love the *crooked*. I have supposed myself hither-

to sufficiently safe against that. But to-day, this morning, in the presence of a third person, you have permitted yourself to compromise my daughter. What is the meaning of this?”

“Compromise?” I endeavored to reply. “Blame, sir, if you will, my inexperience, but cast no suspicion on my intentions.”

“With honorable intentions one goes openly to work. Your way of proceeding has something ambiguous in it, and the more, as your situation, so far as I know it, is not calculated to make me easy about your conduct.”

“Sir, it seems you seek a quarrel with me!” I exclaimed.

“Very possibly,” replied the geometer, dryly: “I am always ready to give satisfaction. Perhaps I judge you too severely. It may be that, timid, inexperienced, awkward in your behavior, you still have a definite and honest purpose. Give proof of it, then. That you tattle about Henrietta to others, and even set another to talk about her—all this is offensive to me, although there may be nothing wrong intended. What do you wish, then? Explain yourself. You have, perhaps, serious views. Are you authorized to entertain such views? How much do you make with your brush and colors in a year? What is the average?”

“This horrible question—I saw it already approaching from afar—destroyed what little self-possession I had gained entirely; for hitherto I had earned precious little. I possessed precisely just so much as nothing, and had thought only of love, and mutual love; in short, only of a new door in the partition. Of all that pertains to the prose of life not a word had as yet occurred to me.

“I make yearly,” I answered, hesitatingly—“I earn certainly—at present indeed less than I shall earn in future. But I have—a profession and——”

“For this very reason,” interrupted he, “because you have a profession, and indeed the profession of a painter, I put the question very distinctly. You know the proverb: Art seeks bread; your business, now and then, brings fame, but seldom bread into the house. My daughter has nothing. What have you? or rather, I ask again, what do you make on the average in a year,



in case you really have honorable intentions?"

"I make on the average——"

Now I either had to tell a lie, or—I was very near fainting. Some one knocked at the door.

"God be praised!" thought I. "Long live the *Deus ex machina*? who is, to be sure, more at home on the stage or in romances, than in every-day life. O Lucy! O my guardian angel!"

I had opened the door. A servant in livery entered with two fat money-bags in his hand and under his arm. I stood stupefied, and let him have his own way. He laid them down on the table, untied one, and shook out a silver stream of dollars, spread them out as he counted them; did the same with the sounding bowels of the other bag, counted me off the silver pillars, twenty dollars strong each, handed me a piece of paper, and said, "Please to settle for the two copies; my lady has directed me to take them and the original also."

"Good! the pictures are all here, ready packed," said I; and, giving them to the Mercury, turned again to the geometrician, who, in the mean while, had risen, and taken his hat, and to whom I hastily remarked, "As I have had the honor already to inform you, I make, on an average, every year——"

"You have your business now," he said, interrupting me, "as I have mine. This man here is waiting. At some other time."

With that he retired, just as I was about, with more confidence than I had ever before had in all my life, to talk with him about my affairs. "The deuce take geometricians and all mathematical certainties!" thought I, as I wrote a receipt for the servant.

I had nothing better in the world to do than to contemplate the dollars before me. It was a pretty sight. The silver colonnade seemed to me to be made of fairy fabric. I had never before seen so much treasure at once. And it had come from the beautiful Lucy, from the gentle, sympathizing woman, who was interested in my prospects, and would so gladly see me happy.

New cares now arose. Where should I deposit this capital, before I could spend it? I hid it away for a while in my stove, as I had no strong-box. Then I was off and out

in the open air, in order to give myself up in solitude and unobserved to my joy, which was all the greater for the death-agony which had been so geometrically imposed on me. After I had rejoiced till I was tired, I turned homeward, to confess all to my dear uncle. As yet he knew nothing—nothing at all of my plans, my riches, my intercourse with the mathematician, or the proposed door in the partition. I had kept silent, from the certainty that, if I had spoken to him at an earlier period, he would have listened to his kind heart, and made new sacrifices for me. I knew he was not affluent, and that he had been at considerable expense in furnishing me with my materials as an artist. It was a sacred duty not to put his love for me to a great trial. Now circumstances were changed. The lovely Lucy hovered, with lavish hand, like a goddess of fortune over my fate. How could I have merited so much favor in her eyes?

It was supper-time when I reached home. "To tea! to tea! dear uncle," cried I, joyously: "important news!"

"I know, I know; my old woman" (he meant Margaret, the maid) "keeps me informed how things go on. We hear, for instance, of dollars, of one, of two bags full—the whole Pactolus has emptied itself on my poor Julius."

"Yes, yes; I have for the present stowed away the Pactolus in the stove. But let us only take our seats at the table; there is something else to tell."

I wondered that my uncle did not, in his usual way, sympathize in my joy. He moved slowly, silently, with an air which showed that he was thinking of something else. He threw a glance at old Margaret, as if he wished to be rid of her presence, but had not the courage to send her away. I gave her a hint, and she retired.

When we were alone, and seated at the table, he began: "I, too, have a word to say to you, and——" Here he coughed, as was his wont when he had something disagreeable to communicate, and was therefore obliged to do violence to himself. "You know——" (he paused again, and then took another turn)—"the good lady—she is truly generous, yes, indeed, noble-minded. It is a greater honor to be patronized by a person of such a character than by a prince; an

honor of which you should try to make yourself worthy. You see now a splendid career opened before you; henceforth observe order, be industrious, and strictly upright! So will you succeed. But to be foolishly carried away into the sky—to wish to make others unhappy—a young maiden should be a sacred thing to everybody—no, that is *wrong*!”

He uttered this last word with great emphasis and gravity. I looked at him with astonishment, and cried: “Dearest, best uncle, what do you mean to say? I do not understand you.”

“The young maiden—there above—”

“Do I know her?” I exclaimed; “yes, I know her—I—”

“You love her,” he replied; “you follow her; you would—”

“Ah!” I cried, “if you only knew how heartily I love her!”

“It is unworthy of you—it is dishonest; it is—acting the part of a dissolute fellow!”

I opened my eyes in amazement, but my astonishment disappeared in a burst of laughter, for I suspected that he had got this false impression through old Margaret.

“This time, my good uncle,” cried I, “you are altogether mistaken. I love the young lady in the purest, deepest earnest. Is that dishonest in me? I was about to beg you to take a step to-morrow for my happiness: to put in a kind word for me with the parents for the hand of their daughter.”

“What! for you, do you say? you want to marry?—you! It is not possible. Only a few hours ago I told the geometrician—and you said so yourself—that you meant to live and die unmarried!”

“Dear uncle, what have you done? Then I am lost! What will they think of me?”

“Done! What have I done?—only what your own honor demanded. Hear me, child,—only hear. The man there, the geometrician I mean, came this afternoon, sat himself down in this room, told me a long story; said you were after his daughter, that you talked about her, that you have employed others—yes, that the English lady had been at his wife—and he will not permit it; for in case you want his daughter for a wife—No! said I to him, no; on the contrary, you had yourself protested and

sworn to me that you would never take a wife, that you never thought of such a thing!”

I heard no more. I was beside myself. I stood up and my uncle likewise. I strode disconsolately up and down the room. He looked at me, as if he were struck dumb, thinking how to comfort me.

“Stop, only listen to me!” he exclaimed, as he followed me; “let us see. What’s the use of storming so? We will see how to get out of the scrape with honor. How in the world could I know?—remember your vow—but you were still very young then—people do things of that sort; it is not so very wrong at that age; in riper years one breaks such vows. But listen, poor Julius; take courage—all is not lost, by any means. To-morrow I’ll go up,—I will clear it all up to-morrow. All—”

“Too late, then, dear uncle; I am considered a mere rake. The idea is fixed. The whole family are all together, they are talking about it, they despise me. To-morrow!—but the geometrician will quit the house immediately.”

“Then I’ll go and repair the mischief on the spot.”

“O do—do, sweetest uncle.”

“But the young maiden will be there.”

“What if she is? If her parents find it necessary, they can easily send her away. The whole peace of my life—”

“Very well, be it so; this evening, now. It is indeed pretty late, but call the old woman. I must make my toilette.”

While he exchanged his slippers for his shoes, Margaret fastened his golden buckles, I handed him his finely-powdered peruke, and then, with the help of the old maid-servant, assisted him to draw on his chestnut-brown coat, put in his hand his Spanish cane, and repeated to him all and every thing that had happened, and how it happened, what he was to ask, and what to answer, &c. “Well, well, I know it all,—let me alone!” said he, stunned with my talk, and departed.

I then made confession to our old Margaret, for I had to give vent to my grief and anxiety. She listened most devoutly, with wet eyes, and took my troubles as much to heart as if it were her own lot in life that was at stake. Every moment we ran to the door to listen whether footsteps were to be

heard on the stairs; or we sat perfectly silent, trying to catch some sound of what was going on above.

In about a quarter-of-an-hour the door of the geometrician's room opened. I heard my uncle approaching.

"What!" I exclaimed to him, as he entered, "already back? Then I am rejected?"

"Put off till to-morrow. They are not at home."

"Have you been waiting for them?"

"Yes, I waited, but they will not return till towards midnight; so the daughter told me."

"You have seen her, then?"

"I believe it was she, and indeed she is a lovely child, or I do not know what loveliness is."

"But what did she say to you?" cried I, full of delight. "Tell me every thing—every thing, I beseech, I conjure you."

"I must first take off my coat, and make myself comfortable. Wait—yes, a very nice maiden. Margaret, my slippers!—a right noble daughter!"

"But what did she say to you?"

"She said—there, take care of my peruke—they had gone to a christening at a friend's house."

"But what else? You staid up there full twenty minutes."

"Yes, about. But let me bethink myself. Well, she was alone, and opened the door for me;—but, if I had been a ghost, she could not have been more startled. 'Do not be afraid of me, my pretty child,' said I, taking her hand. We entered the room; a burning red covered her cheeks. She went before me, without letting go my hand, because she wished to lead me carefully, as befitted my age. I tell you, she is an affectionate child, so tender, so respectful——"

"She respects you, she loves you, my best uncle, as all the world loves you."

Here Margaret murmured from a dim corner, "That's true."

"Well, so then we got into the room where she was sewing and taking care of a little sister and two little brothers who were asleep. One of the children awoke at our entrance. 'Attend to the child, attend to the child,' said I to her, 'and then, if you please, call your parents. For I come to see them particularly, if it is not too late, and

they will receive me.' She replied, as she rocked the baby, 'They are not at home.' You see, Julius, I tell you, word for word. Shall I cut it shorter?"

"No! tell me every thing, to the smallest particular, but don't laugh at me."

"That would not be right, or rather it would not be doing right to the young maiden, to laugh. For, when I inquired for her parents, the poor child became blood-red, fell again to rocking the baby, although the little thing had not stirred; then, when she was far enough off, she said, half aloud, 'My parents will not probably return till towards midnight. I am sorry, but you must not weary yourself with waiting.'—'Really,' I replied, 'it is already late; I will put off my business till to-morrow. And if you, my sweet lady, knew what it was, I would bespeak your favor; that is, in case—in case you could be moved in our behalf, especially in mine,—yes, I should die in peace, if I only knew that the happiness and fate of my Julius were united to yours, his happiness in your keeping, his virtue under the protection of your family.'"

I did not let my uncle finish; I sprang up, in the intoxication of my delight, caught him round the neck, without the power to utter a syllable or make my feelings understood.

"Hold!—my poor Julius, hold!—you choke me! my cap is falling off—let me speak. You are crazy, you don't know anything yet, you don't know the best!—So, so!—sit down. So! be quiet; hear further."

"Angel of an uncle!" cried I; "and now for the best!" I exclaimed, breathless and trembling.

"Then, the young lady, when she had heard me, quickly composed herself, and said, with a firm voice: 'You will not doubt, Mr. Toms, my high esteem and respect for you—I am touched by your words, but too much embarrassed to answer you. I do not think of changing my situation, and I see many obstacles.' (Don't be frightened! poor Julius.) 'I belong,' said she, 'to my parents. I am necessary to them; I will not leave them, neither will I be a burden to them.' (But don't be frightened!) 'I will give my hand to no one who is not of the same condition in life, who does not regard my family as his, and who does not give me

his whole heart, as I will give him mine. I never thought to have said so much to any one, but, I know not—your years, my reverence for you, gives me confidence and courage to speak openly. Further than this, it is for my parents to answer you. If you wish, I will inform them of your visit.”

Here my uncle paused, to draw breath. I sat buried in myself, listening with all my senses. At last he resumed:

“‘Lady,’ said I, ‘if you please, tell them I will call about ten o’clock. You do not know how happy I am to find united with your youthful years so much goodness and maturity of mind; yes, it makes me only the more desirous, that under such conditions my nephew may be acceptable—conditions which certainly will not seem hard to him. Believe me, dear child, I account it an honor, a great honor, to be admitted into a family which manifests so much goodness as yours. And, from tender childhood up, his heart, his whole heart’ (I could willingly have told her all about the Jewess) ‘is a good, a noble heart. I pledge myself for that to you, my dear child. He shall learn under what conditions he may secure his happiness, and how it is to be kept only through mutual love, mutual faith, and the zealous discharge of the duties which spring from the domestic relations. So then——’”

Here my uncle in his happy humor began to repeat the form of words customary at a betrothal: “Do you promise this, Julius? Then say a loud and emphatic Yes!”

“Yes, yes!” cried I, “before God, before you, uncle of my heart, before you!” And again I heaped him with caresses, while old Margaret, in the corner, wiped her eyes. My uncle alone, happy in the happiness which he was preparing for me, maintained as ever his serene, cheerful humor, and rallied me about my tears of joy.

“Did you say nothing more to her, uncle?”

“Nothing in particular. I arose, and wished to look at the innocent little angel in its little white bed; she accompanied me, smiling, and showed me the child. What struck me particularly was the neatness everywhere reigning, the order, the evident care shown in every thing, and a certain elegance in the midst of the greatest simplicity. ‘You make the clothes for the children, I suppose?’ said I to her.—

‘Pardon me,’ she replied, ‘it is my mother’s work, but in her absence I do a little.’ I took her hand, and kissed it, and she held fast hold of me to attend me out. But at the door I begged her in a whisper to go no farther, lest she should meet you. She hurried back.—But, hark, it is eleven o’clock. Let us go to bed.”

The old Margaret smiled. “Yes, to bed; you are right, Margaret. Every one will not sleep to-night, but we will sleep for the others.”

Towards midnight I heard Henrietta’s parents return. Then they were all in earnest consultation. About two o’clock I heard the chairs move back, and the family separate. I could get no sleep.

As soon as my uncle was awake, and while he was dressing, I made him repeat every circumstance, every word of his last night’s visit. The dear old man went over it with admirable patience, and spoke with such a quiet confidence, that I lived again in my new hopes. Only the reserve of Henrietta’s expressions did not exactly please me; and when I thought of the stern, astute geometrician and of his loud voice, I did not feel quite comfortable.

In the mean while it struck ten. My uncle went. I grew hot and cold. In feverish anxiety I walked about the library; at last I mounted to the attic. There, according to agreement, I was to wait for my uncle, and receive from him my death-sentence or my life.

In a few moments I heard Henrietta’s door open; I distinguished the steps of two persons, and I discovered, by various signs, that it was Henrietta with her mother.

Then all was lost, thought I, and sank with folded arms upon a seat. I had thus far represented to myself the mother, the confidante of Henrietta’s most secret thoughts, as a little favorable to me, as probably my best mediator with the iron geometrician. And now these two had left the field of battle where the contest was just begun, and given up my good uncle without assistance to the geometrician, who cherished the most unfortunate prejudices against me. In this state of despair I could not endure to remain where I was. I took heart and resolved to go to the two ladies, and, if possible, move them to some sympathy.



I knocked at their door. Henrietta opened it. Her surprise, her confusion, helped me to conquer mine.

"May I only for a few moments?" said I, with a broken voice.

"Step in, Mr. Julius," said the mother, immediately. Then she became silent, looked at me for a while, while some tears fell from her eyes. "What do you wish to say to us?" asked she, somewhat troubled.

"I wish, before you all decide upon my fate, to see you, madam, to speak with you—pardon my momentary embarrassment—I wish to tell your lady-daughter herself what she is, and will forever be to me; and you, that I regard you as a mother, I who have no mother; and that in intrusting to me this jewel, this treasure, you would not be compelled ever to be separated. Ah! what shall I say? Love and respect make me dumb. And your tears—I fear to understand what they tell me."

While I spoke, Henrietta, with evident calmness, fixed her eyes immovably upon me, and listened.

"Do you speak to the young gentleman, Henrietta?" said her mother to her. "But no—to lose you, my child! no, I cannot think of it; it would be my death."

"Never! that shall never be, mamma!" replied the daughter, somewhat agitated, and with a clear voice. "I will give my hand to no one who will not be wholly your son. And, Mr. Julius, I am far more at a loss what to say than you. I know your wishes, but I do not know your character. I am to you, you are to me too little known—"

"Too little known!" cried I. "O lady, that I never had the boldness to approach you as I wished, tells you what I am! You, your character and life, your noble mind, are they little known to me? And to whom, that ever saw you, can you be unknown? And I, lady, who am so little versed in the arts of dissembling—am I not an open book before you, in which, if you have ever wished it, you might read the whole contents! Am I really unknown to you? And—"

She interrupted me with: "No—shall I leave my parents! That I can never do."

"No, you shall not; nor will I, dear lady, ever leave your parents. Why do you fear that? But I see judgment is already

pronounced against me. Your heart repulses me; no tenderness speaks for me in your breast. Be it so! I will go silently to my fate, the gloomiest that ever befell a poor mortal. You repulse me, but the repulsed will regard you with eternal love."

"Mr. Julius, you distress me. I know not what I should— You know that I am without experience, I am— To my parents I give up the decision with entire confidence; that is my duty. I will listen to you without contradiction, even if— No, say not that I have repelled you, but, must it be so, even though—though a voice spoke for you ever so loudly in my heart—I would obey my father's and mother's voice rather than my own."

She turned abruptly away from me, and went to the window.

At this moment the door opened.

"I did not suppose you were here," said the geometrician, immediately addressing me. "However, you may remain. I was about to request you to be called."

"Good morning, my dear child," said Uncle Toms, kissing Henrietta's hand, who turned towards him in all her beautiful confusion. Then turning to her mother, he cried: "And you, my worthy madam—only courage and confidence! Had you known this lad here for some twenty years, as I have done, he would be dear to you. It gives me the greatest joy that his choice has fallen upon the amiable daughter of a truly noble family, a pure diamond—but stop! let the man speak to whom it belongs to speak here."

My uncle seated himself. I remained standing by Henrietta, and we listened to the geometrician.

"About ten o'clock," said he, "Mr. Toms honored me with a visit. It concerned you, Mr. Julius. After the explanations that have been given, I do justice to the honorable character of your intentions. All misunderstandings have arisen from your timid, uncertain way of proceeding, and the talk of a stranger. In this way, your purest intentions lose the freedom and openness which one expects from what is right and honorable. All clandestine proceedings are suspicious. It is also known to me that you possess no property but the money which I saw you receive yesterday. Thus, your worldly circumstances are limited to

bare hopes. In this view, your situation for the future is without that security which I must demand. That is the point upon which I wished to hold consultation with my wife and daughter. But now, since all concerned in this affair are present, I will express my opinion freely."

A slight shiver ran through me. The man seemed to carry there in his breast, where other men carry a heart, a foot-rule, a scale, an algebraic formula. He continued: "I have never reckoned upon a rich son-in-law. I have never desired such an one. So, if the worldly circumstances of Mr. Julius are such as they have been described to me, they offer no obstacle to my consent to his union with my Henrietta, in case Henrietta herself, and her mother, consent to it."

He threw a sharp eagle-look upon the two. Henrietta cast down her eyes, and her cheeks were suffused with a deeper red. Her mother suppressed a sigh. But he resumed his address with a vivacity not usual in him, and said:

"But there is one thing on which all depends—one thing upon which alone I insist—that is, my daughter's happiness! This happiness I can find for her only in faithful, unchangeable affection on both sides; in mutual, untroubled confidence which knows no concealment; in unwearied industry; in strict, blameless behavior and simple ways of life. Without these, Henrietta shall be no man's wife. I know, gentlemen, the value of my daughter. Whoever does not bring her all these goods—all, without exception—is unworthy to possess her. Could he deceive her, and himself and me, wo to him! He would be the object of my eternal hate, my righteous vengeance—he should—"

Here he broke off, and remained some seconds silent, not because he was overcome by paternal tenderness, but because he feared lest in his excitement at a bare possibility he might say more than was necessary.

"Now you know, gentlemen," he resumed in a quiet tone—"now you know why I make so little account of external circumstances; you know what pledges I desire and distinctly demand for the happiness of my child—goods which one finds more rarely than gold. Mr. Julius has his profession, has talent, education, is young,

will work—we will help him—on this side there is no obstacle. But let him consider beforehand what he is doing, and to what he binds himself. Mere feeling evaporates, and soberness succeeds to the intoxication of the imagination. If he knows what moral power he possesses, if he knows the priceless worth of a virtuous wife, then, if my daughter accepts him, I can be a father to him. I will rely upon his integrity that he will perform what he promises."

Impressive as his words were, they restored to me the consciousness of my uprightness.

"Whatever," said I to him, "my uncle has said for me to you, be it good or bad, I confirm it. You, sir, judge me without knowing me. The conditions which you make, I understand. They do honor to every father, but they are such as every honest and thoughtful man would impose on himself, who has to decide upon his lot in life. What you require would have been fulfilled by me, had you not required it. I am almost ashamed solemnly to promise you that which should be done without a promise. Do not imagine that at this moment I look only at your daughter and think only of my love; I see the future. I consult my own power and my social relations. And, if even another feeling is strong within me, it is reverence for Henrietta's rare virtues, admiration of your domestic happiness, and of the influence of your principles. Thanks to you that I am permitted to share in this domestic felicity, that you—"

"Young man!" interrupted the geometer, "not a word of thanks. Henrietta has to decide; not I. She now understands how I think. She shall be under no constraint in her choice; she shall suffer no reproach from her parents. Let her consider whether she loves you. If not, well. Perhaps she has been taken by surprise, and needs time to collect herself and consider. Henrietta, it is for you to speak; what do you desire?"

Henrietta said nothing; but, with her lovely countenance all in a glow, she turned to me, and, looking earnestly into my eyes, into my soul, she stretched out her hand to me, which I seized and pressed to my lips and to my heart. At this movement, my good uncle arose from his seat, and trem-

bling with age and emotion, hastened towards us, and silently embraced us, with moist eyes. Henrietta's affectionate return of his kindness at once composed him, and made him happy. I silently wept upon the breast of the mother. The geometrician alone maintained his accustomed firmness, silently observing the scene. He received my embrace with cordiality, led me again to his daughter, whose brow he kissed, while she threw her arms around his neck. He then turned to his wife, whose composure he restored by a few affectionate, sensible words.

When the excitement was somewhat allayed, and my uncle had returned to the easy-chair, "Now, dear people," said he, "yet one word. I thank you all. This moment has fulfilled my last wish. That excellent child there is now my own dear daughter. She will, depend upon it, be happy—very happy. My Julius has a brave, honest, loving heart, although he would rather be an artist than a lawyer.

"Now I wish to tell you something that belongs to the affair. I tell you how it is. This boy here is my heir. My property has been his for these twenty years and more by my will. So I have been living now for a long time at his expense; yet it will not be long that I shall occasion him much more.

"Well, then, his property consists in an interest, the capital of which is invested in the best vineyard in the Canton of Waadt. You see then it is under the protection of Bacchus himself; the god has done so well with it, that for four-and-fifty years it has never failed me once. But, over and above that, there is lying by me in ready money a good round sum. But this I shall not pay to him, but keep for my dear little daughter there, whom I found yesterday evening to be a right skilful and careful housekeeper."

Here arose a murmur of voices on all sides. He exclaimed: "Be quiet now, and hear me out. This cash is just to set the new little housekeepers a-going. Remember the proverb: There is no cooking without a pot. My nephew is in great want of such furniture; consequently I must provide him some. We must have kettles, and cabinets, and commodes, and sofas, and new mirrors, and curtains, and I know not what. We must receive our dear little daughter as befits her, and without touching the capital. Do you want to know? I have fixed all that long

ago: I shall exchange my old furniture for new. I have during many years gathered together a multitude of folios, quartos, and old smoke-dried things. Julius, as an artist, will not know what to do with them, and it is high time I should think of tying up my travelling bundle. I know an Israelite who will help me, without the wish or the power to cheat me. I have already got a part of the sum, and so we can make provision for these children. Hush! no murmurs; you pain me by your opposition; besides, I shall have great enjoyment in the thing. The Israelite gives me his company in the business; we read Hebrew together, we compare editions,—and I will bid all my old comforters, one after another, good-by, until at last I say good-night to you altogether."

Who could have remained unmoved while my uncle was telling all this with as happy an air as if he were speaking of his own good fortune? I wept in silence, while Henrietta, her mother, and even the geometrician, listened to him with affectionate admiration. We ventured neither to disturb his plans, nor to add to them. Henrietta knelt by his chair, and rested her face on his hand, which she kissed, while her mother, deeply moved, took the other, and the geometrician approached him with the words: "Mr. Toma, I honor you; you are a man of God. May we all resemble you!"

So I entered a family in which perfect union and affection, unbounded devotion of each to all and of all to each, entire purity and simplicity of manners, steady activity and a sense of the beautiful, were the elements of life. Only in such relations could my character be fully formed, while it grew clear to me what the greatest blessings under heaven are, invisible though they might be; blessings which we often forfeit by a false and romantic turn of mind, or lose through a childish delight in the illusions of the imagination, which we allow to obtain an overpowering and delusive control.

And Henrietta, I confess it—I had loved not her, but a fancied image of perfection under her form. How different, how much more lovely and noble, did I find her now in reality, disrobed of the rainbow-glimmer in which she had floated before my imagination! What a heroism of virtue, and what humility withal!—what gifts and graces to charm all hearts without knowing it, and what world-

forgetting love of home had I to admire in her! Her father's keen penetration and strict self-command, and the tenderness of her mother, were united in her. She loved me. Already, in our silent passing to and from the attic, her heart had begun to beat for me. And yet she would have let that heart break, and mine also, if duty required.

Lucy, before her return to England, learned that I was about to be married. She visited Henrietta again. She took both our hands in hers with melancholy fervor, and sighed: "Why cannot I have you two with me in England—you to whom I have from the first sight felt myself so powerfully drawn? You will be happy. Love me as I love you!" She ordered several paintings of me, by which my little housekeeping was secured for some time. Her friendship was advantageous to me in many ways for many years. Connected with wealthy families in her fatherland, she sent every year to me some of her countrymen, who came to visit Switzerland, and her recommendation was always profitable. These strangers gave me a name, and brought me other visitors, other orders; and, after a few years, I obtained with Henrietta a competency far exceeding the expectations of her father. Then I used to say to him, laughing: "Father, the profession of a painter is pretty good. Your saying that Art now and then brings fame into the house, but not bread, does not always prove true."

I conclude my story with a brief passage from a letter, which, two years after my marriage, I wrote to Lucy, just after the funeral of my good uncle:

"Now, at last, my dear lady, I understand the depth of your sorrow when you lost the best of fathers; now I know the greatness of your anguish. I now shed the tears which you have long ago shed.

"I have my uncle—my father—no longer. He taught me to live; he has taught me, too, to die. Serene and cheerful as ever, he smiled upon the angel who came to bear his spirit to God. He felt the decay of his power, the gradual failure of his limbs, and he seemed only to play with death.

"Last Sunday, as we sat around his bed, he said, as the bell tolled, 'It tolls for my departure.' When he observed our tears, he added: 'Truly, children, would you persuade me that I have not lived long enough? I am content with my share of years.—Do not forget my old Margaret. She has taken good care of my books and of me. Julius,

when you write to the dear lady' (so he always called you), 'my blessing upon her and her children. I hope to see her father in the company of noble, sainted spirits; that is, children, if I be allowed admission there.'

"After some time he said again: 'I think death finds me somewhat tougher than he has expected. I bid him defiance until he becomes conqueror.—My will is in the drawer there, to the left.—My sweet Henrietta, it has been a pleasure to live with you; show me once more your chubby-cheeked angel; for, see you, all up there, my brother, my sister-in-law, and so forth, will storm me with questions; I shall cry out to them, "Good news: all is well!"'

"He wished the pastor to be called, as his sight grew dim. He received his old friend with the words: 'My dear Mr. Bernier, I am, as you see, road-ready. My faithful Hippocrates I have sold; it is the Israelite who now gets the good of his wisdom. But, although I now willingly and readily surrender this old body to the skeleton-man, he cannot have my soul. Perform your office, but be quick, or the Psyche will fly away; she hovers now, held only by the frailest thread.'

"When the pastor left, who took his leave with deep emotion, my uncle said, 'We shall meet again!' He then sank into a slumber; after an hour he awoke, he held our hands, he murmured, with a weak voice, 'Julius!—Henrietta—' His spirit fled. An unearthly smile transfigured his pale countenance."

*Notes.*—The charming story, which is here concluded, under the title of "Three Love-Dreams," is a fine specimen, perhaps the best, of the tales written by Rudolph Töpffer, the late Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres at Geneva. That author, although a favorite on the Continent, is little known in this country. "Three Love-Dreams," or, according to the original, "My Uncle's Library" (which has already appeared at least once in English), forms part of the "Nouvelles Genevoises," at first contributed as feuilletons to a Parisian journal. Töpffer, like Thackeray, sometimes used the pencil as well as the pen. An illustrated edition of the volume just mentioned was published in Paris in 1845. Many of these sketches, if we mistake not, were drawn from a copy which had been presented by the author to Goethe.

Zschokke, who in 1839 translated the work into German, remarks in his preface: "Recent French literature has nothing of a similar kind to show. It may indeed be doubted," he adds, "whether the simple pictures, the faithfully-conceived representations of human nature, the point and the repose which mark the narratives of our author, would satisfy the vitiated French taste, which finds almost its only excitement in the ingenious caricatures and fantastic distortions of Victor Hugo, Dumas, and their followers."

Besides the volume to which reference has been made, Töpffer wrote several others. He was born February 17, 1799; and died June 3, 1846.



## PART III.—CHAPTER VII.

CATERINA tore herself from Anthony with the desperate effort of one who has just self-recollection enough left to be conscious that the fumes of charcoal will master his senses unless he bursts away for himself to the fresh air; but when she reached her own room, she was still too intoxicated with that momentary revival of old emotions, too much agitated by the sudden return of tenderness in her lover, to know whether pain or pleasure predominated. It was as if a miracle had happened in her little world of feeling, and made the future all vague—a dim morning haze of possibilities, instead of the sombre wintry daylight and clear rigid outline of painful certainty.

She felt the need of rapid movement. She must walk out in spite of the rain. Happily, there was a thin place in the curtain of clouds which seemed to promise that now, about noon, the day had a mind to clear up. Caterina thought to herself, "I will walk to the Mosslands, and carry Mr. Bates the comforter I have made for him, and then Lady Cheverel will not wonder so much at my going out." At the hall door she found Rupert, the old blood-hound stationed on the mat, with the determination that the first person who was sensible enough to take a walk that morning should have the honor of his approbation and society. As he thrust his great black and tawny head under her hand, and wagged his tail with vigorous eloquence, and reached the climax of his welcome by jumping up to lick her face, which was at a convenient licking height for him, Caterina felt quite grateful to the old dog for his friendliness. Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.

"The Mosslands" was a remote part of the grounds, encircled by the little stream issuing from the pool; and certainly, for a wet day, Caterina could hardly have chosen a less suitable walk, for though the rain was abating, and presently ceased altogether, there was still a smart shower falling from the trees which arched over the greater part of her way. But she found just the desired relief from her feverish excitement in laboring along the wet paths with an umbrella that made her arm ache. This amount of exertion was to her tiny body what a day's hunting often was to Mr. Gilfil, who at times

had his fits of jealousy and sadness to get rid of, and wisely had recourse to nature's innocent opium—fatigue.

When Caterina reached the pretty arched wooden bridge which formed the only entrance to the Mosslands for any but webbed feet, the sun had mastered the clouds, and was shining through the boughs of the tall elms that made a deep nest for the gardener's cottage—turning the raindrops into diamonds, and inviting the nasturtium flowers creeping over the porch and low-thatched roof to lift up their flame-colored heads once more. The rooks were cawing with many-voiced monotony, apparently—by a remarkable approximation to human intelligence—finding great conversational resources in the change of weather. The mossy turf, studded with the broad blades of bulbous plants, told that Mr. Bates' nest was rather damp in the best of weather; but he was of opinion that a little external moisture would hurt no man who was not perversely neglectful of that obvious and providential antidote, rum-and-water.

Caterina loved this nest. Every object in it, every sound that haunted it, had been familiar to her from the days when she had been carried thither on Mr. Bates' arm, making little cawing noises to imitate the rooks, clapping her hands at the green frogs leaping in the moist grass, and fixing grave eyes on the gardener's fowls cluck-clucking under their pens. And now the spot looked prettier to her than ever; it was so out of the way of Miss Ascher, with her brilliant beauty, and personal claims, and small civil remarks. She thought Mr. Bates would not be come in to his dinner yet, so she would sit down and wait for him.

But she was mistaken. Mr. Bates was seated in his arm-chair, with his pocket-handkerchief thrown over his face, as the most eligible mode of passing away those superfluous hours between meals when the weather drives a man in-doors. Roused by the furious barking of his chained bull-dog, he desisted his little favorite approaching, and forthwith presented himself at the doorway, looking disproportionately tall compared with the height of his cottage. The bulldog, meanwhile, unbent from the severity of his official demeanor, and commenced a friendly interchange of ideas with Rupert.

Mr. Bates' hair was now gray, but his

frame was none the less stalwart, and his face looked all the redder, making an artistic contrast with the deep blue of his cotton neckerchief, and of his linen apron twisted into a girdle round his waist.

"Why, dang my boottons, Miss Tiny," he exclaimed, "hoo coom ye to coom oot dabblin' your faet laike a little Muecovy duck, sich a day as this? Not but what ai'm delaighted to sae ye. Here, Hesther," he called out to his old humpbacked house-keeper, "tek the young lady's oombrella an' spread it oot to dray. Coom, coom in, Miss Tiny, an' set ye doon by the faire, an' dray yer faet, an' hev summatt warm to kape ye from ketchin' coold."

Mr. Bates led the way, stooping under the door-places, into his small sitting-room, and, shaking the patchwork cushion in his arm-chair, moved it to within a good roasting distance of the blazing fire.

"Thank you, uncle Bates" (Caterina kept up her childish epithets for her friends, and this was one of them); "not quite so close to the fire, for I am warm with walk-  
ing."

"Eh, but yer shoes are faine an' wet, an' ye must put yer faet on the finder. Rare big faet, baint 'em?—about the saize of a good big spoon. I woonder ye can mek a shift to stan' on 'em. Now, what'll ye hev to warm yer insaide? a drop o' hot elder-wain, now?"

"No, not any thing to drink, thank you; it isn't very long since breakfast," said Caterina, drawing out the comforter from her deep pocket. Pockets were capacious in those days. "Look here, uncle Bates; here is what I came to bring you. I made it on purpose for you. You must wear it this winter, and give your red one to old Brooks."

"Eh, Miss Tiny, this is a beauty. An' ye made it all wi' yer little fingers for an old feller laike mae! I tek it very kained on ye, an' I belave ye I'll wear it, and be prood on't too. These straipees, blue an' whaite, now, they mek it uncommon pritty."

"Yes, that will suit your complexion, you know, better than the old scarlet one. I know Mrs. Sharp will be more in love with you than ever when she sees you in the new one."

"My complexion, ye little rogue! ye're a-laughin' at me. But talkin' o' complexions, what a beautiful cooler the bride as is

to be hes on her cheeks! Dang my boottons! she looks faine an' handsome o' hoosback—sits as upraight as a dart, wi' a figure like a statty! Misthress Sharp has promised to put me behaind one o' the doors when the ladies are comin' doon to dinner, so as I may sae the young un i' full dress, wi' all her curls an' that. Misthress Sharp says she's a'most beautifuller nor my ledy was when she was young; an' I think ye'll noot faind many i' the counthry as'll coom up to that."

"Yes, Miss Assher is very handsome," said Caterina, rather faintly, feeling the sense of her own insignificance returning at this picture of the impression Miss Assher made on others.

"Well, an' I hope she's good, too, an'll mek a good naice to Sir Cristifer an' my ledy. Misthress Griffin, the maid, says as she's rather tatchy an' find-fautin' aboot her clootthes, laike. But she's young—she's young; that'll wear off when she's got a hoosband, an' children, an' summatt else to think on. Sir Cristifer's fain an' delaighted, I can see. He says to me th' other mornin', says he, 'Well, Bates, what do you think of your young misthress as is to be?' An' I says, 'Whay, yer honor, I think she's as fain a lass as iver I set eyes on; an' I wish the Captain luck in a fain family, an' your honor laife an' health to see't.' Mr. Warren says as the mather's all for forrardin' the weddin', an' it'll very laike be afore th' autumn's oot."

As Mr. Bates ran on, Caterina felt something like a painful contraction at her heart. "Yes," she said, rising, "I dare say it will. Sir Christopher is very anxious for it. But I must go, uncle Bates; Lady Cheverel will be wanting me, and it is your dinnee-time."

"Nay, my dinner doon't sinnify a bit; but I moonsn't kape ye if my ledy wants ye. Though I hevnt thanked ye half anooof for the comfiter—the wrap-raskil, as they call't. My feekins, it's a beauty. But ye look very whaite and sadly, Miss Tiny; I doubt ye're poorly; an' this walkin' i' th' wet isn't good for ye."

"O yes, it is, indeed," said Caterina, hastening out, and taking up her umbrella from the kitchen floor. "I must really go now; so good-by."

She tripped off, calling Rupert, while the good gardener, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, stood looking after her and shaking his head with rather a melancholy air.

"She gets moor nesh and dillicat than iver," he said, half to himself and half to Hester. "I shouldn't woonder if she fades away, laike them cyclamens as I transplanted. She puts me i' maid on 'em somehow, hangin' on their little thin stalks, so whaite an' tinder."

The poor little thing made her way back, no longer hungering for the cold moist air as a counteractive of inward excitement, but with a chill at her heart which made the outward chill only depressing. The golden sunlight beamed through the dripping boughs like a Shechinah, or visible divine presence, and the birds were chirping and trilling their new autumnal songs so sweetly, it seemed as if their throats, as well as the air, were all the clearer for the rain; but Caterina moved through all this joy and beauty like a poor wounded leveret painfully dragging its little body through the sweet clover-tufts—for it, sweet in vain. Mr. Bates' words about Sir Christopher's joy, Miss Assher's beauty, and the nearness of the wedding, had come upon her like the pressure of a cold hand, rousing her from confused dozing to a perception of hard, familiar realities. It is so with emotional natures, whose thoughts are no more than the fleeting shadows cast by feeling: to them words are facts, and, even when known to be false, have a mastery over their smiles and tears. Caterina entered her own room again, with no other change from her former state of despondency and wretchedness than an additional sense of injury from Anthony. His behavior towards her in the morning was a new wrong. To snatch a caress when she justly claimed an expression of penitence, of regret, of sympathy, was to make more light of her than ever.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THAT evening Miss Assher seemed to carry herself with unusual haughtiness, and was coldly observant of Caterina. There was unmistakably thunder in the air. Captain Wybrow appeared to take the matter very easily, and was inclined to brave it out by paying more than ordinary attention to Caterina. Mr. Gilfil had induced her to

play a game at draughts with him, Lady Assher being seated at piquet with Sir Christopher, and Miss Assher in determined conversation with Lady Cheverel. Anthony, thus left as an odd unit, sauntered up to Caterina's chair, and leaned behind her, watching the game. Tina, with all the remembrances of the morning thick upon her, felt her cheeks becoming more and more crimson, and at last said impatiently, "I wish you would go away."

This happened directly under the view of Miss Assher, who saw Caterina's reddening cheeks, saw that she said something impatiently, and that Captain Wybrow moved away in consequence. There was another person, too, who had noticed this incident with strong interest, and who was moreover aware that Miss Assher not only saw, but keenly observed what was passing. That other person was Mr. Gilfil, and he drew some painful conclusions which heightened his anxiety for Caterina.

The next morning, in spite of the fine weather, Miss Assher declined riding, and Lady Cheverel, perceiving that there was something wrong between the lovers, took care that they should be left together in the drawing-room. Miss Assher, seated on the sofa near the fire, was busy with some fancy-work, in which she seemed bent on making great progress this morning. Captain Wybrow sat opposite, with a newspaper in his hand, from which he obligingly read extracts with an elaborately easy air, wilfully unconscious of the contemptuous silence with which she pursued her filagree work. At length he put down the paper, which he could no longer pretend not to have exhausted, and Miss Assher then said:

"You seem to be on very intimate terms with Miss Sarti."

"With Tina? O yes; she has always been the pet of the house, you know. We have been quite brother and sister together."

"Sisters don't generally color so very deeply when their brothers approach them."

"Does she color? I never noticed it. But she's a timid little thing."

"It would be much better if you would not be so hypocritical, Captain Wybrow. I am confident there has been some flirtation between you. Miss Sarti, in her position, would never speak to you with the petulance

she did last night, if you had not given her some kind of claim on you."

"My dear Beatrice, now do be reasonable; do ask yourself what earthly probability there is that I should think of flirting with poor little Tina. Is there any thing about her to attract that sort of attention? She is more child than woman. One thinks of her as a little girl to be petted and played with."

"Pray, what were you playing at with her yesterday morning, when I came in unexpectedly, and her cheeks were flushed, and her hands trembling?"

"Yesterday morning?—O, I remember. You know I always tease her about Gilfil, who is over head and ears in love with her; and she is angry at that,—perhaps, because she likes him. They were old playfellows years before I came here, and Sir Christopher has set his heart on their marrying."

"Captain Wybrow, you are very false. It had nothing to do with Mr. Gilfil that she colored last night when you leaned over her chair. You might just as well be candid. If your own mind is not made up, pray do no violence to yourself. I am quite ready to give way to Miss Sarti's superior attractions. Understand that, so far as I am concerned, you are perfectly at liberty. I decline any share in the affection of a man who forfeits my respect by duplicity."

In saying this, Miss Assher rose, and was sweeping haughtily out of the room, when Captain Wybrow placed himself before her, and took her hand.

"Dear, dear Beatrice, be patient; do not judge me so rashly. Sit down again, sweet," he added in a pleading voice, pressing both her hands between his, and leading her back to the sofa, where he sat down beside her. Miss Assher was not unwilling to be led back or to listen, but she retained her cold and haughty expression.

"Can you not trust me, Beatrice? Can you not believe me, although there may be things I am unable to explain?"

"Why should there be any thing you are unable to explain? An honorable man will not be placed in circumstances which he cannot explain to the woman he seeks to make his wife. He will not ask her to believe that he acts properly; he will let her know that he does so. Let me go, sir."

She attempted to rise, but he passed his hand round her waist and detained her.

"Now, Beatrice, dear," he said imploringly, "can you not understand that there are things a man doesn't like to talk about—secrets that he must keep for the sake of others, and not for his own sake? Everything that relates to myself you may ask me, but do not ask me to tell other people's secrets. Don't you understand me?"

"O yes," said Miss Assher scornfully, "I understand. Whenever you make love to a woman—that is her secret, which you are bound to keep for her. But it is folly to be talking in this way, Captain Wybrow. It is very plain that there is some relation more than friendship between you and Miss Sarti. Since you cannot explain that relation, there is no more to be said between us."

"Confound it, Beatrice! you'll drive me mad. Can a fellow help a girl's falling in love with him? Such things are always happening, but men don't talk of them. These fancies will spring up without the slightest foundation, especially when a woman sees few people; they die out again when there is no encouragement. If you could like me, you ought not to be surprised that other people can; you ought to think the better of them for it."

"You mean to say, then, that Miss Sarti is in love with you, without your ever having made love to her."

"Do not press me to say such things, dearest. It is enough that you know I love you—that I am devoted to you. You naughty queen, you, you know there is no chance for any one else where you are. You are only tormenting me, to prove your power over me. But don't be too cruel; for you know they say I have another heart-disease besides love, and these scenes bring on terrible palpitations."

"But I must have an answer to this one question," said Miss Assher, a little softened: "Has there been, or is there, any love on your side towards Miss Sarti? I have nothing to do with her feelings, but I have a right to know yours."

"I like Tina very much; who would not like such a little simple thing? You would not wish me not to like her? But love—that is a very different affair. One has a brotherly affection for such a woman as



Tina; but it is another sort of woman that one loves."

These last words were made doubly significant by a look of tenderness, and a kiss imprinted on the hand Captain Wybrow held in his. Miss Assher was conquered. It was so far from probable that Anthony should love that pale insignificant little thing—so highly probable that he should adore the beautiful Miss Assher. On the whole, it was rather gratifying that other women should be languishing for her handsome lover; he really was an exquisite creature. Poor Miss Sarti! Well, she would get over it.

Captain Wybrow saw his advantage. "Come, sweet love," he continued, "let us talk no more about unpleasant things. You will keep Tina's secret, and be very kind to her—won't you?—for my sake. But you will ride out now? See what a glorious day it is for riding. Let me order the horses. I'm terribly in want of the air. Come, give me one forgiving kiss, and say you will go."

Miss Assher complied with the double request, and then went to equip herself for the ride, while her lover walked to the stables.

## CHAPTER IX.

MEANWHILE Mr. Gilfil, who had a heavy weight on his mind, had watched for the moment when, the two elder ladies having driven out, Caterina would probably be alone in Lady Cheverel's sitting-room. He went up and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said the sweet mellow voice, always thrilling to him as the sound of rippling water to the thirsty.

He entered and found Caterina standing in some confusion, as if she had been startled from a reverie. She felt relieved when she saw it was Maynard, but, the next moment, felt a little pettish that he should have come to interrupt and frighten her.

"O, it is you, Maynard! Do you want Lady Cheverel?"

"No, Caterina," he answered gravely; "I want you. I have something very particular to say to you. Will you let me sit down with you for half an hour?"

"Yes, dear old preacher," said Caterina, sitting down with an air of weariness; "what is it?"

Mr. Gilfil placed himself opposite to her, and said: "I hope you will not be hurt, Caterina, by what I am going to say to you. I do not speak from any other feelings than real affection and anxiety for you. I put every thing else out of the question. You know you are more to me than all the world; but I will not thrust before you a feeling which you are unable to return. I speak to you as a brother—the old Maynard that used to scold you for getting your fishing-line tangled ten years ago. You will not believe that I have any mean, selfish motive in mentioning things that are painful to you?"

"No; I know you are very good," said Caterina, abstractedly.

"From what I saw yesterday evening," Mr. Gilfil went on, hesitating and coloring slightly, "I am led to fear—pray forgive me if I am wrong, Caterina—that you—that Captain Wybrow is base enough still to trifle with your feelings, that he still allows himself to behave to you as no man ought who is the declared lover of another woman."

"What do you mean, Maynard?" said Caterina, with anger flashing from her eyes. "Do you mean that I let him make love to me? What right have you to think that of me? What do you mean that you saw yesterday evening?"

"Do not be angry, Caterina. I don't suspect you of doing wrong. I only suspect that heartless puppy of behaving so as to keep awake feelings in you that not only destroy your own peace of mind, but may lead to very bad consequences with regard to others. I want to warn you that Miss Assher has her eyes open on what passes between you and Captain Wybrow, and I feel sure she is getting jealous of you. Pray be very careful, Caterina, and try to behave with politeness and indifference to him. You must see by this time that he is not worth the feeling you have given him. He's more disturbed at his pulse beating one too many in a minute, than at all the misery he has caused you by his foolish trifling."

"You ought not to speak so of him, Maynard," said Caterina, passionately. "He is not what you think. He *did* care for me; he *did* love me; only he wanted to do what his uncle wished."

"O to be sure! I know it is only from the most virtuous motives that he does what is convenient to himself."

Mr. Gilfil paused. He felt that he was getting irritated, and defeating his own object. Presently he continued in a calm and affectionate tone:

"I will say no more about what I think of him, Caterina. But whether he loved you or not, his position now with Miss Assher is such that any love you may cherish for him can bring nothing but misery. God knows, I don't expect you to leave off loving him at a moment's notice. Time and absence, and trying to do what is right, are the only cures. If it were not that Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel would be displeased and puzzled at your wishing to leave home just now, I would beg you to pay a visit to my sister. She and her husband are good creatures, and would make their house a home to you. But I could not urge the thing just now without giving a special reason, and what is most of all to be dreaded, is the raising of any suspicion in Sir Christopher's mind of what has happened in the past, or of your present feelings. You think so too, don't you, Tina?"

Mr. Gilfil paused again, but Caterina said nothing. She was looking away from him, out of the window, and her eyes were filling with tears. He rose, and, advancing a little towards her, held out his hand and said:

"Forgive me, Caterina, for intruding on your feelings in this way. I was afraid you might not be aware how Miss Assher watched you. Remember, I entreat you, that the peace of the whole family depends on your power of governing yourself. Only say you forgive me before I go."

"Dear, good Maynard," she said, stretching out her little hand, and taking two of his large fingers in her grasp, while her tears flowed fast; "I am very cross to you. But my heart is breaking. I don't know what I do. Good-by."

He stooped down, kissed the little hand, and then left the room.

"The cursed scoundrel!" he muttered between his teeth, as he closed the door behind him. "If it were not for Sir Christopher, I should like to pound him into paste to poison puppies like himself!"

## CHAPTER X.

THAT evening Captain Wybrow, returning from a long ride with Miss Assher, went up to his dressing-room, and seated himself with an air of considerable lassitude before his mirror. The reflection there presented of his exquisite self was certainly paler and more worn than usual, and might excuse the anxiety with which he first felt his pulse, and then laid his hand on his heart.

"It's a devil of a position, this, for a man to be in," was the train of his thought, as he kept his eyes fixed on the glass, while he leaned back in his chair, and crossed his hands behind his head; "between two jealous women, and both of them as ready to take fire as tinder. And in my state of health too! I should be glad enough to run away from the whole affair, and go off to some lotus-eating place or other where there are no women, or only women who are too sleepy to be jealous. Here am I, doing nothing to please myself, trying to do the best thing for everybody else, and all the comfort I get is to have fire shot at me from women's eyes, and venom spirted at me from women's tongues. If Beatrice takes another jealous fit into her head—and it's likely enough, Tina is so unmanageable—I don't know what storm she may raise. And any hitch in this marriage, especially of that sort, might be a fatal business for the old gentleman. I wouldn't have such a blow fall upon him for a great deal. Besides, a man must be married some time in his life, and I could hardly do better than marry Beatrice. She's an uncommonly fine woman, and I'm really very fond of her; and as I shall let her have her own way, her temper won't signify much. I wish the wedding was over and done with, for this fuss doesn't suit me at all. I haven't been half so well lately. That scene about Tina this morning quite upset me. Poor little Tina! What a little simpleton it was, to set her heart on me in that way! But she ought to see how impossible it is that things should be different. If she would but understand how kindly I feel towards her, and make up her mind to look on me as a friend;—but that is what one never can get a woman to do. Beatrice is very good-natured; I'm sure she would be kind to the little thing. It would be a great comfort if Tina would take to Gilfil, if it were

only in anger against me. He'd make her a capital husband, and I should like to see the little grasshopper happy. If I had been in a different position, I would certainly have married her myself, but that was out of the question, with my responsibilities to Sir Christopher. I think a little persuasion from my uncle would bring her to accept Gilfil; I know she would never be able to oppose my uncle's wishes. And if they were once married, she's such a loving little thing, she would soon be billing and cooing with him as if she had never known me. It would certainly be the best thing for her happiness if that marriage were hastened. Heigho! Those are lucky fellows that have no women falling in love with them. It's a confounded responsibility."

At this point in his meditations he turned his head a little, so as to get a three-quarter view of his face. Clearly it was the "*done infelice della bellezza*" that laid these onerous duties upon him—an idea which naturally suggested that he should ring for his valet.

For the next few days, however, there was such a cessation of threatening symptoms as to allay the anxiety both of Captain Wybrow and Mr. Gilfil. All earthly things have their lull: even on nights when the most unappeasable wind is raging, there will be a moment of stillness before it crashes among the boughs again, and storms against the windows, and howls like a thousand lost demons through the key-holes.

Miss Assher appeared to be in the highest good-humor; Captain Wybrow was more assiduous than usual, and was very circum-spect in his behavior to Caterina, on whom Miss Assher bestowed unwonted attentions. The weather was brilliant; there were riding excursions in the mornings and dinner-parties in the evenings. Consultations in the library between Sir Christopher and Lady Assher seemed to be leading to a satisfactory result; and it was understood that this visit at Cheverel Manor would terminate in another fortnight, when the preparations for the wedding would be carried forward with all dispatch at Farleigh. The baronet seemed every day more radiant. Accustomed to view people who entered into his plans by the pleasant light which his own strong will and bright hopefulness were always casting on the future, he saw not-

ing but personal charms and promising domestic qualities in Miss Assher, whose quickness of eye and taste in externals formed a real ground of sympathy between her and Sir Christopher. Lady Cheverel's enthusiasm never rose above the temperate mark of calm satisfaction, and having quite her share of the critical acumen which characterizes the mutual estimates of the fair sex, she had a more moderate opinion of Miss Assher's qualities. She suspected that the fair Beatrice had a sharp and imperious temper; and being herself, on principle and by habitual self-command, the most deferential of wives, she noticed with disapproval Miss Assher's occasional air of authority towards Captain Wybrow. A proud woman who has learned to submit, carries all her pride to the reinforcement of her submission, and looks down with severe superiority on all feminine assumption as "unbecoming." Lady Cheverel, however, confined her criticisms to the privacy of her own thoughts, and, with a reticence which I fear may seem incredible, did not use them as a means of disturbing her husband's complacency.

And Caterina? How did she pass these sunny autumn days, in which the skies seemed to be smiling on the family gladness? To her the change in Miss Assher's manner was unaccountable. Those compassionate attentions, those smiling condescensions, were torture to Caterina, who was constantly tempted to repulse them with anger. She thought: "Perhaps Anthony has told her to be kind to poor Tina. This was an insult. He ought to have known that the mere presence of Miss Assher was painful to her, that Miss Assher's smiles scorched her, that Miss Assher's kind words were like poison-stings inflaming her to madness. And he—Anthony—he was evidently repenting of the tenderness he had been betrayed into that morning in the drawing-room. He was cold and distant and civil to her, to ward off Beatrice's suspicions, and Beatrice could be so gracious now, because she was sure of Anthony's entire devotion. Well! and so it ought to be, and she ought not to wish it otherwise. And yet—O, he was cruel to her. She could never have behaved so to him. To make her love him so—to speak such tender words—to give her such caresses, and then to behave as if such

things had never been. He had given her the poison that seemed so sweet while she was drinking it, and now it was in her blood, and she was helpless."

With this tempest pent up in her bosom, the poor child went up to her room every night, and there it all burst forth. There, with loud whispers and sobs, restlessly pacing up and down, lying on the hard floor, courting cold and weariness, she told to the pitiful listening night the anguish which she could pour into no mortal ear. But always sleep came at last, and always in the morning the reactive calm that enabled her to live through the day.

It is amazing how long a young frame will go on battling with this sort of secret wretchedness, and yet show no traces of the conflict for any but sympathetic eyes. The very delicacy of Caterina's usual appearance, her natural paleness and habitually quiet mouse-like ways, made any symptoms of fatigue and suffering less noticeable. And her singing—the one thing in which she ceased to be passive, and became prominent—lost none of its energy. She sometimes wondered herself how it was that, whether she felt sad or angry, crushed with the sense of Anthony's indifference, or burning with impatience under Miss Assher's attentions, it was always a relief to her to sing. Those full deep notes she sent forth seemed to be lifting the pain from her heart—seemed to be carrying away the madness from her brain.

Thus Lady Cheverel noticed no change in Caterina, and it was only Mr. Gilfil who discerned with anxiety the feverish spot that sometimes rose on her cheek, the deepening violet tint under her eyes, and the strange absent glance, the unhealthy glitter of the beautiful eyes themselves.

But, alas! those agitated nights were producing a more fatal effect than was represented by these slight outward changes.

#### CHAPTER XI.

THE following Sunday, the morning being rainy, it was determined that the family should not go to Cumbermoor Church as usual, but that Mr. Gilfil, who had only an afternoon service at his curacy, should conduct the morning service in the chapel.

Just before the appointed hour of eleven, Caterina came down into the drawing-room,

looking so unusually ill as to call forth an anxious inquiry from Lady Cheverel, who, on learning that she had a severe headache, insisted that she should not attend service, and at once packed her up comfortably on a sofa near the fire, putting a volume of Tillotson's Sermons into her hands, as appropriate reading, if Caterina should feel equal to that means of edification.

Excellent medicine for the mind are the good archbishop's sermons, but a medicine, unhappily, not suited to Tina's case. She sat with the book open on her knees, her dark eyes fixed vacantly on the portrait of that handsome Lady Cheverel, wife of the notable Sir Anthony. She gazed at the picture without thinking of it, and the fair blonde dame seemed to look down on her with that benignant unconcern, that mild wonder, with which happy self-possessed women are apt to look down on their agitated and weaker sisters.

Caterina was thinking of the near future—of the wedding that was so soon to come—of all she would have to live through in the next months.

"I wish I could be very ill, and die before then," she thought. "When people get very ill, they don't mind about things. Poor Patty Richards looked so happy when she was in a decline. She didn't seem to care any more about her lover that she was engaged to be married to, and she liked the smell of the flowers so that I used to take her. O, if I could but like any thing—if I could but think about any thing else! If these dreadful feelings would go away, I wouldn't mind about not being happy. I wouldn't want any thing—and I could do what would please Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel. But when that rage and anger comes into me, I don't know what to do. I don't feel the ground under me; I only feel my head and heart beating, and it seems as if I must do something dreadful. O! I wonder if any one ever felt like me before. I must be very wicked. But God will have pity on me; He knows all I have to bear."

In this way the time wore on till Tina heard the sound of voices along the passage, and became conscious that the volume of Tillotson had slipped on the floor. She had only just picked it up, and seen with alarm that the pages were bent, when Lady Assher, Beatrice, and Captain Wybrow entered, all



with that brisk and cheerful air which a sermon is often observed to produce when it is quite finished.

Lady Assher at once came and seated herself by Caterina. Her ladyship had been considerably refreshed by a doze, and was in great force for monologue.

"Well, my dear Miss Sarti, and how do you feel now?—a little better, I see. I thought you would be, sitting quietly here. These Headaches, now, are all from weakness. You must not over-exert yourself, and you must take bitters. I used to have just the same sort of headaches when I was your age, and old Dr. Sinsnick used to say to my mother, 'Madam, what your daughter suffers from is weakness.' He was such a curious old man, was Dr. Sinsnick. But I wish you could have heard the sermon this morning. Such an excellent sermon! It was about the ten virgins: five of them were foolish, and five were clever, you know; and Mr. Gilfil explained all that. What a very pleasant young man he is!—so very quiet and agreeable, and such a good hand at whist. I wish we had him at Farleigh. Sir John would have liked him beyond any thing; he is so good-tempered at cards, and he was such a man for cards, was Sir John. And our rector is a very irritable man; he can't bear to lose his money at cards. I don't think a clergyman ought to mind about losing his money: do you?—do you now?"

"O pray, Lady Assher," interposed Beatrice, in her usual tone of superiority, "do not weary poor Caterina with such uninteresting questions. Your head seems very bad still, dear," she continued, in a condoling tone, to Caterina; "do take my vinaigrette, and keep it in your pocket. It will perhaps refresh you now and then."

"No, thank you," answered Caterina; "I will not take it away from you."

"Indeed, dear, I never use it; you must take it," Miss Assher persisted, holding it close to Tina's hand.—She colored deeply, pushed the vinaigrette away with some impatience, and said: "Thank you, I never use those things. I don't like vinaigrettes."

Miss Assher returned the vinaigrette to her pocket in surprised and haughty silence, and Captain Wybrow, who had looked on in some alarm, said hastily: "See! it is quite bright out of doors now. There is time for a walk before luncheon. Come, Beatrice, put on

your hat and cloak, and let us have half an hour's walk on the gravel."

"Yes, do, my dear," said Lady Assher, "and I will go and see if Sir Christopher is having his walk in the gallery."

As soon as the door had closed behind the two ladies, Captain Wybrow, standing with his back to the fire, turned towards Caterina and said in a tone of earnest remonstrance: "My dear Caterina, let me beg of you to exercise more control over your feelings; you are really rude to Miss Assher, and I can see that she is quite hurt. Consider how strange your behavior must appear to her. She will wonder what can be the cause of it. Come, dear Tina," he added, approaching her, and attempting to take her hand; "for your own sake let me entreat you to receive her attentions politely. She really feels very kindly towards you, and I should be so happy to see you friends."

Caterina was already in such a state of diseased susceptibility that the most innocent words from Captain Wybrow would have been irritating to her, as the whirl of the most delicate wing will afflict a nervous patient. But this tone of benevolent remonstrance was intolerable. He had inflicted a great and unrepented injury on her, and now he assumed an air of benevolence towards her. This was a new outrage. His profession of good-will was insolence.

Caterina snatched away her hand and said indignantly: "Leave me to myself, Captain Wybrow! I do not disturb you."

"Caterina, why will you be so violent—so unjust to me? It is for you that I feel anxious. Miss Assher has already noticed how strange your behavior is both to her and me, and it puts me into a very difficult position. What can I say to her?"

"Say?" Caterina burst forth, with intense bitterness, rising, and moving towards the door; "say that I am a poor, silly girl, and have fallen in love with you, and am jealous of her; but that you have never had any feeling but pity for me—you have never behaved with any thing more than friendliness to me. Tell her that, and she will think all the better of you."

Tina uttered this as the bitterest sarcasm her ideas would furnish her with, not having the faintest suspicion that the sarcasm derived any of its bitterness from truth. Underneath all her sense of wrong, which

was rather instinctive than reflective—underneath all the madness of her jealousy, and her ungovernable impulses of resentment and vindictiveness—underneath all this scorching passion there were still left some hidden crystal dews of trust, of self-reproof, of belief that Anthony was trying to do the right. Love had not all gone to feed the fires of hatred. Tina still trusted that Anthony felt more for her than he seemed to feel; she was still far from suspecting him of a wrong which a woman resents even more than inconstancy. And she threw out this taunt simply as the most intense expression she could find for the anger of the moment.

As she stood nearly in the middle of the room, her little body trembling under the shock of passions too strong for it, her very lips pale, and her eyes gleaming, the door opened, and Miss Assher appeared, tall, blooming, and splendid, in her walking costume. As she entered, her face wore the smile appropriate to the exits and entrances of a young lady who feels that her presence is an interesting fact; but the next moment she looked at Caterina with grave surprise, and then threw a glance of angry suspicion at Captain Wybrow, who wore an air of weary vexation.

"Perhaps you are too much engaged to walk out, Captain Wybrow? I will go alone."

"No, no, I'm coming," he answered, hurrying towards her, and leading her out of the room, leaving poor Caterina to feel all the reaction of shame and self-reproach after her outburst of passion.

#### CHAPTER XII.

"PRAY, what is likely to be the next scene in the drama between you and Miss Sarti?" said Miss Assher to Captain Wybrow as soon as they were out on the gravel. "It would be agreeable to have some idea of what is coming."

Captain Wybrow was silent. He felt out of humor, wearied, annoyed. There come moments when one almost determines never again to oppose any thing but dead silence to an angry woman. "Now then, confound it," he said to himself, "I'm going to be battered on the other flank." He looked resolutely at the horizon, with something more like a frown on his face than Beatrice had ever seen there.

After a pause of two or three minutes, she continued, in a still haughtier tone, "I suppose you are aware, Captain Wybrow, that I expect an explanation of what I have just seen."

"I have no explanation, my dear Beatrice," he answered at last, making a strong effort over himself, "except what I have already given you. I hoped you would never recur to the subject."

"Your explanation, however, is very far from satisfactory. I can only say that the airs Miss Sarti thinks herself entitled to put on towards you, are quite incompatible with your position as regards me. And her behavior to me is most insulting. I shall certainly not stay in the house under such circumstances, and mamma must state the reasons to Sir Christopher."

"Beatrice," said Captain Wybrow, his irritation giving way to alarm, "I beseech you to be patient, and exercise your good feelings in this affair. It is very painful, I know. But I am sure you would be grieved to injure poor Caterina—to bring down my uncle's anger upon her. Consider what a poor little dependent thing she is."

"It is very adroit of you to make these evasions, but do not suppose that they deceive me. Miss Sarti would never dare to behave to you as she does, if you had not flirted with her, or made love to her. I suppose she considers your engagement to me a breach of faith to her. I am much obliged to you, certainly, for making me Miss Sarti's rival. You have told me a falsehood, Captain Wybrow."

"Beatrice, I solemnly declare to you that Caterina is nothing more to me than a girl I naturally feel kindly to—as a favorite of my uncle's, and a nice little thing enough. I should be glad to see her married to Gilfil to-morrow; that's a good proof that I'm not in love with her, I should think. As to the past, I may have shown her little attentions, which she has exaggerated and misinterpreted. What man is not liable to that sort of thing?"

"But what can she found her behavior on? What had she been saying to you this morning to make her tremble and turn pale in that way?"

"O, I don't know. I just said something about her behaving peevishly. With that Italian blood of hers, there's no knowing

how she may take what one says. She's a fierce little thing, though she seems so quiet generally."

"But she ought to be made to know how unbecoming and indelicate her conduct is. For my part, I wonder Lady Cheverel has not noticed her short answers and the airs she puts on."

"Let me beg of you, Beatrice, not to hint any thing of the kind to Lady Cheverel. You must have observed how strict my aunt is. It never enters her head that a girl can be in love with a man who has not made her an offer."

"Well, I shall let Miss Sarti know myself that I have observed her conduct. It will be only a charity to her."

"Nay, dear, that will be doing nothing but harm. Caterina's temper is peculiar. The best thing you can do will be to leave her to herself as much as possible. It will all wear off. I've no doubt she'll be married to Gilfil before long. Girls' fancies are easily diverted from one object to another. By Jove, what a rate my heart is galloping at! These confounded palpitations get worse instead of better."

Thus ended the conversation, so far as it concerned Caterina, not without leaving a distinct resolution in Captain Wybrow's mind—a resolution carried into effect the next day, when he was in the library with Sir Christopher for the purpose of discussing some arrangements about the approaching marriage.

"By the by," he said carelessly, when the business came to a pause, and he was sauntering round the room with his hands in his coat-pockets, surveying the backs of the books that lined the walls, "when is the wedding between Gilfil and Caterina to come off, sir? I've a fellow-feeling for a poor devil so many fathoms deep in love as Maynard. Why shouldn't their marriage happen as soon as ours? I suppose he has come to an understanding with Tina?"

"Why," said Sir Christopher, "I did think of letting the thing be until old Crichley died; he can't hold out very long, poor fellow; and then Maynard might have entered into matrimony and the rectory both at once. But, after all, that really is no good reason for waiting. There is no need for them to leave the Manor when they are married. The little monkey is quite old enough.

It would be pretty to see her a matron, with a baby about the size of a kitten in her arms."

"I think that system of waiting is always bad. And if I can further any settlement you would like to make on Caterina, I shall be delighted to carry out your wishes."

"My dear boy, that's very good of you; but Maynard will have enough; and from what I know of him—and I know him well—I think he would rather provide for Caterina himself. However, now you have put this matter into my head, I begin to blame myself for not having thought of it before. I've been so wrapt up in Beatrice and you, you rascal, that I had really forgotten poor Maynard. And he's older than you—it's high time he was settled in life as a family man."

Sir Christopher paused, took snuff in a meditative manner, and presently said, more to himself than to Anthony, who was humming a tune at the far end of the room: "Yes, yes. It will be a capital plan to finish off all our family business at once."

Riding out with Miss Assher the same morning, Captain Wybrow mentioned to her incidentally, that Sir Christopher was anxious to bring about the wedding between Gilfil and Caterina as soon as possible, and that he, for his part, should do all he could to further the affair. It would be the best thing in the world for Tina, in whose welfare he was really interested.

With Sir Christopher there was never any long interval between purpose and execution. He made up his mind promptly, and he acted promptly. On rising from luncheon, he said to Mr. Gilfil: "Come with me into the library, Maynard. I want to have a word with you."

"Maynard, my boy," he began, as soon as they were seated, tapping his snuff-box, and looking radiant at the idea of the unexpected pleasure he was about to give, "why shouldn't we have two happy couples instead of one, before the autumn is over, eh?"

"Eh?" he repeated, after a moment's pause, lengthening out the monosyllable, taking a slow pinch, and looking up at Maynard with a sly smile.

"I'm not quite sure that I understand you, sir," answered Mr. Gilfil, who felt annoyed at the consciousness that he was turning pale.

"Not understand me, you rogue! You

know very well whose happiness lies nearest to my heart after Anthony's. You know you let me into your secrets long ago, so there's no confession to make. Tina's quite old enough to be a grave little wife now; and though the rectory's not ready for you, that's no matter. My lady and I shall feel all the more comfortable for having you with us. We should miss our little singing-bird if we lost her all at once."

Mr. Gilfil felt himself in a painfully difficult position. He dreaded that Sir Christopher should surmise or discover the true state of Caterina's feelings, and yet he was obliged to make those feelings the ground of his reply.

"My dear sir," he at last said with some effort, "you will not suppose that I am not alive to your goodness—that I am not grateful for your fatherly interest in my happiness; but I fear that Caterina's feelings towards me are not such as to warrant the hope that she would accept a proposal of marriage from me."

"Have you ever asked her?"

"No, sir. But we often know these things too well without asking."

"Pooh, pooh! The little monkey must love you. Why, you were her first playfellow; and I remember she used to cry if you cut your finger. Besides, she has always silently admitted that you were her lover. You know I have always spoken of you to her in that light. I took it for granted you had settled the business between yourselves; so did Anthony. Anthony thinks she's in love with you, and he has young eyes, which are apt enough to see clearly in these matters. He was talking to me about it this morning, and pleased me very much by the friendly interest he showed in you and Tina."

The blood—more than was wanted—rushed back to Mr. Gilfil's face; he set his teeth and clenched his hands in the effort to repress a burst of indignation. Sir Christopher noticed the flush, but thought it indicated the fluctuation of hope and fear about Caterina. He went on:

"You're too modest by half, Maynard. A fellow who can take a five-barred gate as you can, ought not to be so faint-hearted. If you can't speak to her yourself, leave me to talk to her."

"Sir Christopher," said poor Maynard

earnestly, "I shall really feel it the greatest kindness you can possibly show me, not to mention this subject to Caterina at present. I think such a proposal, made prematurely, might only alienate her from me."

Sir Christopher was getting a little displeased at this contradiction. His tone became a little sharper as he said, "Have you any grounds to state for this opinion, beyond your general notion that Tina is not enough in love with you?"

"I can state none beyond my own very strong impression that she does not love me well enough to marry me."

"Then I think that ground is worth nothing at all. I am tolerably correct in my judgment of people; and, if I am not very much deceived in Tina, she looks forward to nothing else but to your being her husband. Leave me to manage the matter as I think best. You may rely on me that I shall do no harm to your cause, Maynard."

Mr. Gilfil, afraid to say more, yet wretched in the prospect of what might result from Sir Christopher's determination, quitted the library in a state of mingled indignation against Captain Wybrow, and distress for himself and Caterina. What would she think of him? He might suppose that he had instigated or sanctioned Sir Christopher's proceedings. He should perhaps not have an opportunity of speaking to her on the subject in time; he would write her a note, and carry it up to her room after the dressing-bell had rung. No, that would agitate her, and unfit her for appearing at dinner, and passing the evening calmly. He would defer it till bedtime. After prayers, he contrived to lead her back to the drawing-room, and to put a letter in her hand. She carried it up to her own room, wondering, and there read:

"DEAR CATERINA,—Do not suspect for a moment that any thing Sir Christopher may say to you about our marriage has been prompted by me. I have done all I dare do to dissuade him from urging the subject, and have only been prevented from speaking more strongly by the dread of provoking questions which I could not answer without causing you fresh misery. I write this, both to prepare you for any thing Sir Christopher may say, and to assure you—but I hope you already believe it—that your feelings are sacred to me. I would rather part with the dearest hope of my life than be the means of adding to your trouble.



"It is Captain Wybrow who has prompted Sir Christopher to take up the subject at this moment. I tell you this, to save you from hearing it suddenly when you are with Sir Christopher. You see now what sort of stuff that dastard's heart is made of. Trust in me always, dearest Caterina, as—whatever may come—your faithful friend and brother,

MAYNARD GILFIL."

Caterina was at first too terribly stung by the words about Captain Wybrow to think of the difficulty which threatened her—to think either of what Sir Christopher would say to her, or of what she could say in reply. Bitter sense of injury, fierce resentment, left no room for fear. With the poisoned garment upon him, the victim writhes under the torture—he has no thought of the coming death.

Anthony could do this!—Of this there could be no explanation but the coolest contempt for her feelings, the basest sacrifice of all the consideration and tenderness he owed her to the ease of his position with Miss Assher. No. It was worse than that; it was deliberate, gratuitous cruelty. He wanted to show her how he despised her; he wanted to make her feel her folly in having ever believed that he loved her.

The last crystal drops of trust and tenderness, she thought, were dried up; all was parched, fiery hatred. Now she need no longer check her resentment by the fear of doing him an injustice; he *had* trifled with her, as Maynard had said; he *had* been reckless of her; and now he was base and cruel. She had cause enough for her bitterness and anger; they were not so wicked as they had seemed to her.

As these thoughts were hurrying after each other like so many sharp throbs of fevered pain, she shed no tear. She paced restlessly to and fro, as her habit was—her hands clenched, her eyes gleaming fiercely and wandering uneasily, as if in search of something on which she might throw herself like a tigress.

"If I could speak to him," she whispered, "and tell him I hate him, I despise him, I loathe him!"

Suddenly, as if a new thought had struck her, she drew a key from her pocket, and unlocking an inlaid desk where she stored up her keepsakes, took from it a small miniature. It was in a very slight gold frame, with a ring to it, as if intended to be

worn on a chain; and under the glass at the back were two locks of hair, one dark and the other auburn, arranged in a fantastic knot. It was Anthony's secret present to her a year ago—a copy he had had made specially for her. For the last month she had not taken it from its hiding-place. There was no need to heighten the vividness of the past. But now she clutched it fiercely, and dashed it across the room against the bare hearthstone.

Will she crush it under her feet, and grind it under her high-heeled shoe, till every trace of those false cruel features is gone?

Ah, no! She rushed across the room, but when she saw the little treasure she had cherished so fondly, so often smothered with kisses, so often laid under her pillow, and remembered with the first return of consciousness in the morning—when she saw this one visible relic of the too happy past lying with the glass shattered, the hair fallen out, the thin ivory cracked, there was a revulsion of the overstrained feeling; relenting came, and she burst into tears.

Look at her stooping down to gather up her treasure, searching for the hair and replacing it, and then mournfully examining the crack that disfigures the once-loved image. Alas! there is no glass now to guard either the hair or the portrait; but see how carefully she wraps delicate paper round it, and locks it up again in its old place. Poor child! God send the relenting may always come before the worst irrevocable deed!

This action had quieted her, and she sat down to read Maynard's letter again. She read it two or three times without seeming to take in the sense; her apprehension was dulled by the passion of the last hour, and she found it difficult to call up the ideas suggested by the words. At last she began to have a distinct conception of the impending interview with Sir Christopher. The idea, of displeasing the baronet, of whom every one at the Manor stood in awe, frightened her so much that she thought it would be impossible to resist his wish. He believed that she loved Maynard; he had always spoken as if he were quite sure of it. How should she tell him he was deceived—and what if he were to ask her whether she loved anybody else? To have Sir Christopher

looking angrily at her, was more than she could bear, even in imagination. He had always been so good to her! Then she began to think of the pain she might give him, and the more selfish distress of fear gave way to the distress of affection. Unselfish tears began to flow, and sorrowful gratitude to Sir Christopher helped to awaken her sensibility to Mr. Gilfil's tenderness and generosity.

"Dear, good Maynard!—what a poor return I make him! If I could but have loved him instead—but I can never love or care for any thing again. My heart is broken."

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE next morning the dreaded moment came. Caterina, stupified by the suffering of the previous night, with that dull mental aching which follows on acute anguish, was in Lady Cheverel's sitting-room, copying out some charity lists, when her ladyship came in, and said:

"Tina, Sir Christopher wants you; go down into the library."

She went down trembling. As soon as she entered, Sir Christopher, who was seated near his writing-table, said, "Now, little monkey, come and sit down by me; I have something to tell you."

Caterina took a footstool, and seated herself on it at the baronet's feet. It was her habit to sit on these low stools, and in this way she could hide her face better. She put her little arm round his leg, and leaned her cheek against his knee.

"Why, you seem out of spirits this morning, Tina. What's the matter, eh?"

"Nothing, Padroncello, only my head is bad."

"Poor monkey! Well, now, wouldn't it do the head good if I were to promise you a good husband and smart little wedding gowns, and by-and-by a house of your own, where you would be a little mistress, and Padroncello would come and see you sometimes?"

"O no, no! I shouldn't like ever to be married. Let me always stay with you!"

"Pooh, pooh, little simpleton. I shall get old and tiresome, and there will be Anthony's children putting your nose out of joint. You will want some one to love you best of all, and you must have children of your own to love. I can't have you with-

ing away into an old maid. I hate old maids. They make me dismal to look at them. I never see Sharp without shuddering. My little black-eyed monkey was never meant for any thing so ugly. And there's Maynard Gilfil, the best man in the county, worth his weight in gold, heavy as he is; he loves you better than his eyes. And you love him too, you silly monkey, whatever you may say about not being married."

"No, no, dear Padroncello, do not say so; I could not marry him."

"Why not, you foolish child? You don't know your own mind. Why, it is plain to everybody that you love him. My lady has all along said she was sure you loved him—she has seen what little princess airs you put on to him; and Anthony, too, he thinks you are in love with Gilfil. Come, what has made you take it into your head that you wouldn't like to marry him?"

Caterina was now sobbing too deeply to make any answer. Sir Christopher patted her on the back and said, "Come, come; why, Tina, you are not well this morning. Go and rest, little one. You will see things in quite another light when you are well. Think over what I have said, and remember there is nothing, after Anthony's marriage, that I have set my heart on so much as seeing you and Maynard settled for life. I must have no whims and follies—no nonsense." This was said with a slight severity; but he presently added, in a soothing tone: "There, there, stop crying, and be a good little monkey. Go and lie down and get to sleep."

Caterina slipped from the stool on to her knees, took the old baronet's hand, covered it with tears and kisses, and then ran out of the room.

Before the evening, Captain Wybrow had heard from his uncle the result of the interview with Caterina. He thought: "If I could have a long quiet talk with her, I could perhaps persuade her to look more reasonably at things. But there's no speaking to her in the house without being interrupted, and I can hardly see her anywhere else without Beatrice's finding it out." At last he determined to make it a matter of confidence with Miss Assher—to tell her that he wished to talk to Caterina quietly for the sake of bringing her to a calmer

state of mind, and persuade her to listen to Gilfil's affection. He was very much pleased with this judicious and candid plan, and in the course of the evening he had arranged with himself the time and place of meeting, and had communicated his purpose to Miss Assher, who gave her entire approval. Anthony, she thought, would do well to speak plainly and seriously to Miss Sarti. He was really very patient and kind to her, considering how she behaved!

Tina had kept her room all that day, and had been carefully tended as an invalid, Sir Christopher having told her ladyship how matters stood. This tendence was so irksome to Caterina, she felt so uneasy under attentions and kindness that were based on a misconception, that she exerted herself to appear at breakfast the next morning, and declared herself well, though head and heart were throbbing. To be confined in her own room was intolerable; it was wretched enough to be looked at and spoken to, but it was more wretched to be left alone. She was frightened at her own sensations; she was frightened at the imperious vividness with which pictures of the past and future thrust themselves on her imagination. And there was another feeling, too, which made her want to be down stairs and moving about. Perhaps she might have an opportunity of speaking to Captain Wybrow alone—of speaking those words of hatred and scorn that burned on her tongue. That opportunity offered itself in a very unexpected manner.

Lady Cheverel having sent Caterina out of the drawing-room to fetch some patterns of embroidery from her sitting-room, Captain Wybrow presently walked out after her, and met her as she was returning down stairs.

"Caterina," he said, laying his hand on her arm as she was hurrying on without looking at him, "will you meet me in the Rookery at twelve o'clock? I must speak to you, and we shall be in privacy there. I cannot speak to you in the house."

To his surprise, there was a flash of pleasure across her face; she answered shortly and decidedly, "Yes," then snatched her arm away from him, and passed down stairs.

Miss Assher was this morning busy winding silks, being bent on emulating Lady

Cheverel's embroidery, and Lady Assher chose the passive amusement of holding the skeins. Lady Cheverel had now all her working apparatus about her, and Caterina, thinking she was not wanted, went away and sat down to the harpsichord in the sitting-room. It seemed as if playing massive chords, bringing out volumes of sound, would be the easiest way of passing the long feverish moments before twelve o'clock. Handel's "Messiah" stood open on the desk, at the chorus "All we like sheep," and Caterina threw herself at once into the impetuous intricacies of that magnificent fugue. In her happiest moments she could never have played it so well; for now all the passion that made her misery was hurled by a convulsive effort into her music, just as pain gives new force to the clutch of the sinking wrestler, and as terror gives far-sounding intensity to the shriek of the feeble.

But at half-past eleven she was interrupted by Lady Cheverel, who said: "Tina, go down, will you, and hold Miss Assher's silks for her? Lady Assher and I have decided on having our drive before luncheon."

Caterina went down, wondering how she should escape from the drawing-room in time to be in the Rookery at twelve. Nothing should prevent her from going; nothing should rob her of this one precious moment—perhaps the last—when she could speak out the thoughts that were in her. After that, she would be passive—she would bear any thing.

But she had scarcely sat down with a skein of yellow silk on her hands, when Miss Assher said, graciously:

"I know you have an engagement with Captain Wybrow this morning. You must not let me detain you beyond the time."

"So he has been talking to her about me," thought Caterina. Her hands began to tremble as she held the skein.

Miss Assher continued, in the same gracious tone: "It is tedious work holding these skeins. I am sure I am very much obliged to you."

"No, you are not obliged to me," said Caterina, completely mastered by her irritation; "I have only done it because Lady Cheverel told me."

The moment was come when Miss Assher could no longer suppress her long latent

desire to "let Miss Sarti know the impropriety of her conduct." With the malicious anger that assumes the tone of compassion, she said :

"Miss Sarti, I am really sorry for you, that you are not able to control yourself better. This giving way to unwarrantable feelings is lowering you—it is, indeed."

"What unwarrantable feelings?" said Caterina, letting her hands fall, and fixing her great dark eyes steadily on Miss Assher.

"It is quite unnecessary for me to say more. You must be conscious what I mean. Only summon a sense of duty to your aid. You are paining Captain Wybrow extremely by your want of self-control."

"Did he tell you I pained him?"

"Yes, indeed, he did. He is very much hurt that you should behave to me as if you had a sort of enmity towards me. He would like you to make a friend of me. I assure you we both feel very kindly towards you, and are sorry you should cherish such feelings."

"He is very good," said Caterina, bitterly.

"What feelings did he say I cherished?"

This bitter tone increased Miss Assher's irritation. There was still a lurking suspicion in her mind, though she would not admit it to herself, that Captain Wybrow had told her a falsehood about his conduct and feelings towards Caterina. It was this suspicion, more even than the anger of the moment, which urged her to say something that would test the truth of his statement. That she would be humiliating Caterina at the same time, was only an additional temptation.

"These are things I do not like to talk of, Miss Sarti. I cannot even understand how a woman can indulge a passion for a man who has never given her the least ground for it, as Captain Wybrow assures me is the case."

"He told you that, did he?" said Caterina, in clear low tones, her lips turning white as she rose from her chair.

"Yes, indeed, he did. He was bound to tell it me, after your strange behavior."

Caterina said nothing, but turned round suddenly and left the room.

See how she rushes noiselessly, like a pale meteor, along the passages and up the gallery-stairs! Those gleaming eyes, those bloodless lips, that swift silent tread, make her look like the incarnation of a fierce purpose rather than a woman. The mid-day sun is shining on the armor in the gallery, making mimic suns on bossed sword-hilts and the angles of polished breastplates. Yes, there are sharp weapons in the gallery. There is a dagger in that cabinet: she knows it well. And as a dragon-fly wheels in its flight to alight for an instant on a leaf, she darts to the cabinet, takes out the dagger, and thrusts it into her pocket. In three minutes more she is out, in hat and cloak, on the gravel-walk, hurrying along towards the thick shades of the distant Rookery. She threads the windings of the plantations, not feeling the golden leaves that rain upon her, not feeling the earth beneath her feet. Her hand is in her pocket, clenching the handle of the dagger, which she holds half out of its sheath.

She has reached the Rookery, and is under the gloom of the interlacing boughs. Her heart throbs as if it would burst her bosom—as if every next leap must be its last. Wait, wait, O heart! till she has done this one deed. He will be there—he will be before her in a moment. He will come towards her with that false smile, thinking she does not know his baseness—she will plunge that dagger into his heart.

Poor child! poor child! she who used to cry to have the fish put back into the water—who never willingly killed the smallest living thing—dreams now, in the madness of her passion, that she can kill the man whose very voice unnerves her.

But what is that lying among the dank leaves on the path three yards before her?

Good God! it is he—lying motionless—his hat fallen off. He is ill, then—he has fainted. Her hand lets go the dagger, and she rushes towards him. His eyes are fixed; he does not see her. She sinks down on her knees, takes the dear head in her arms, and kisses the cold forehead.

"Anthony, Anthony! speak to me—it is Tina—speak to me! O God, he is dead!"



From the Vienna Correspondent of The Times.  
THE MURRAIN, OR CATTLE-PLAGUE.

THERE are three complaints which on the continent are popularly called "Vieh-seuche" (cattle-plagues). The first is a catarrhal affection of the lungs; the second a pulmonary complaint with typhoid symptoms; and the third a highly contagious typhus (*typhus bovom contagiosus*). In letters which have appeared in your journal, Mr. Redcliffe speaks of the pulmonary complaint with typhoid symptoms; Mr. Gamgee of the contagious typhus; which is the real cattle-plague (Rinder pest,) or murrain of the Steppe; and Dr. Greenhow of the "lung disease," which may mean either the simple catarrhal affection of the lungs or the pulmonary complaint with typhoid symptoms. As it is doubtful which of the murrains is now raging in those countries from which cattle, hides, &c., have recently been exported to England, the distinctive symptoms of all three will now be described.

The principal symptoms of simple catarrhal affection of the lungs are—first, shivering at the commencement of the malady; second, sadness and prostration of strength; third, the pulse is quicker than usual, and there is fever; fourth, the skin feels dry; fifth, the cough, which is at first dry and hollow, and comes by fits and starts. After a lapse of four or five days the cough gets "loose," and there is a discharge of phlegm; a rattling noise is heard when the animal draws its breath, and a frothy mucus escapes from its nostrils when it allows its head to droop. It is only under unfavorable circumstances, such as immoderate excitement, a naturally bad constitution, or injudicious treatment, that the catarrhal inflammation of the lungs ends fatally, but a chronic secretion of phlegm and asthmatic cough often remain for a considerable time after the animal is convalescent.

The "lung disease," combined with typhus, may be divided into three periods. The symptoms of the first period, during which there is no fever, are—sadness and prostration of strength; secondly, drooping head and pendulous ears; thirdly, eyes fixed, without loss either of lustre or of color (in vigorous animals the eyes are often red and fiery, but dry); fourthly, the skin of the nostrils pale and the inside of the mouth "slimy;" fifth, the temperature of the body low, with horns, ears, and feet cool; sixth, the skin dry and tense (stretched), the hair lustreless, rough

and bristly, and erected along the spine; seventh, breathing difficult. The first period sometimes lasts a fortnight or three weeks; the second, or feverish period, lasts three or four days. The symptoms are those above described, with feverish movements. The diseased animal has fits of shivering, considerable exacerbation in the evening, and remission of fever towards the middle of the day. After the cold or aguish fits are over the reaction is much less violent than in other inflammatory complaints. Each paroxysm of fever is accompanied by an acceleration of the respiration, which is audible, and often accompanied by a moaning sound. The weakness and exhaustion of the animal are very great; the temperature of the ears, horns, and legs changes continually—now warm and now cold; the skin is dry and rough, and looks as if dust was strewn on it; the hair is erect, and the eyes, which are opened wide, are projecting, dry, shining, and fixed. The pupil is dilated. The nostrils are covered with a slimy secretion, which the suffering animal frequently removes with its tongue; the teeth are loose, the loins are so sensitive that the pressure of the hand cannot be borne without shrinking, and the pain in the chest increases. The animal lies down but seldom, and when it does so it is on the side on which the lung is affected. If both lungs are diseased the animal rests on its breast-bone, with its legs under its body and its head and neck stretched out. The alvine secretion is often either entirely suppressed or very scanty. The urine is dark in color and pungent in smell.

During the third period, which commonly ends in death, the uneasiness and agitation of the animal are extreme. It continually changes its position and draws back from the crib to the length of its tether. The eyes sink and become glazed, and the lids fall as if the animal were about to sleep. The horns, ears, and nose are cold, and the mouth is filled with offensive phlegm and slaver, and an ill-colored secretion flows from the nostrils. The animal gnashes its teeth, which are loose and shaky, the hair becomes more and more bristly, and the emaciation is rapid. At this period of the disease the pulse is often above 100 a minute.

The real cattle-plague, or, as it is called in Austria, the "Löser-Dürre," has four periods. During the first period, which begins about five days after the infection has been

taken, the following symptoms are observable:—1. The animal is generally languid, its movements are heavy, its gait is tottering, and it is less sensible than usual to outward impressions; in other cases it bellows and beats the ground with its hoofs, and is unusually unruly and vicious. 2. The appetite is often much greater than usual, but after the animal has swallowed its food it appears inattentive to what is passing around it, and hangs its head and ears. 3. When the animal rises from the earth it does not stretch itself as healthy animals usually do, and instead of sinking its back it arches it. 4. The eye has more lustre than usual, and its vessels are slightly reddened. 5. Tremulous movements are perceptible in the skin, and the hair on some parts of it becomes rough. 6. After the fourth or fifth day the animal coughs at intervals and often groans. 7. The animal licks its chaps less than usual. 8. No strong pressure with the hand can be borne, and the back immediately sinks if the loins are squeezed. 9. The "droppings" are drier and less furrowed than is usual. On the eighth day after the infection the plague is regularly declared. The symptoms are:—1. Aguish paroxysms, and often a twitching of the whole skin. 2. Bristling of the hair. 3. Trembling of the limbs, and particularly of the hind quarters. 4. During the paroxysm the animal is generally very uneasy; it stamps, holds up its head, and shakes it continually. The vigorous cattle are very violent in their movements, have a wild eye, snort and bellow, and devour their food greedily. The weak and aged beasts, which are less wild and unruly, shake their heads and grind their teeth. 5. The roots of the horns and the hanging ears are sometimes very hot and sometimes cool. 6. The chaps and muzzle are dry, the interior of the mouth is of a light red and "steaming hot," the gums swollen and spongy, and the incisors somewhat loose. The gums have frequently spots of a deep red. 7. The sensitiveness of the loins increases. 8. The skin is extremely tense. 9. The pulsation is accelerated. 10. A single (not continuous) violent, hollow, and convulsive cough, which is totally different from any other. 11. The rumination is incomplete and interrupted. 12. The alvine excretion is scanty, dark—sometimes almost black, parched, and deeply furrowed. The discharge takes place very

frequently. 13. The tail is either extended in a horizontal line or used to strike the sides of the animal, which continually looks round to its hind quarters. 14. The urine is of a high red color. 15. It is frequently the case that air bladders can be felt under the skin on the back and loins. 16. The fever increases in the evening, and becomes less violent in the morning. 17. The milk in cows diminishes, and in some cases is altogether dried up. During the third period, which begins on the ninth or tenth day from the infection, all the above-mentioned symptoms increase in violence. The animal is excessively weak and sad, stands at a distance from the crib, and hangs its head almost down to the ground. If the lungs are much affected it lies down a great deal, but if not it remains on its legs. The emaciation is extreme. The eyes begin to run, and a clear, white, viscous fluid flows from the nose. By degrees the tears thicken and form a crust which half covers the eye, the discharge from the nose becomes cloudy and "glandery," the tongue is flaccid, and the breath has a peculiar and almost putrid smell. The rumination ceases entirely. The alvine secretions are now watery, and are ejected or rather squirted out with violence. The animal suffers greatly from tenesmus. If there is no diarrhoea, which is sometimes the case, the hind part of the body is greatly swollen. On the 13th or 14th day, when the complaint has reached the highest pitch, the fourth period begins. The animal can hardly keep on its legs, a thick ash-gray fluid runs from its glazed eyes, a corrosive secretion escapes from its nose, thick phlegm fills its mouth, and the putrid exhalation becomes almost unbearable. The skin of the mouth and gums is dried up, "and the tallow-like skin of the animal peels off in great flakes." The serous and even bloody alvine secretion is discharged almost without interruption; the head of the suffering animal is continually twisted round to its hind quarters. Death generally ensues on or about the 17th day after the infection.

The symptoms of the three different "murrains" have been given at considerable length, in order that those veterinary surgeons who have never had an opportunity of seeing cattle which were affected with either of them may be able to distinguish one disease from the other.

MY NAMESAKE.

You scarcely need my tardy thanks  
 Who, self-rewarded, nurse and tend—  
 A green leaf on your own Green Banks—  
 The memory of your friend.

For me, no wreath, bloom-woven, hides  
 The sobered brow and lessening hair :  
 For aught I know, the myrtled sides  
 Of Helicon are bare.

Their scallop-shells so many bring  
 The fabled founts of song to try,  
 They've drained, for aught I know, the spring  
 Of Aganippe dry.

Ah, well !—the wreath the Muses braid  
 Proves often Folly's cap and bell;  
 Methinks, my ample beaver's shade  
 May serve my turn as well.

Let Love's and Friendship's tender debt  
 Be paid by those I love in life,  
 Why should the unborn critic whet  
 For me his scalping-knife ?

Why should the stranger peer and pry  
 One's vacant house of life about,  
 And drag, for curious ear and eye,  
 His faults and follies out ?

Why stuff, for fools to gaze upon,  
 With chaff of words the garb he wore;  
 As corn-husks when the ear is gone  
 Are rustled all the more ?

Let kindly Silence close again,  
 The picture vanish from the eye;  
 And on the dim and misty main  
 Let the small ripple die.

Yet not the less I own your claim  
 To grateful thanks, dear friends of mine :  
 Hang, if it please you so, my name  
 Upon your household line.

Let Fame from brazen lips blow wide  
 Her chosen names, I envy none;  
 A mother's love, a father's pride  
 Shall keep alive my own !

Still shall that name, as now, recall  
 The young leaf wet with morning dew,  
 The glory where the sunbeams fall  
 The breezy woodlands through.

That name shall be a household word,  
 A spell to waken smile or sigh;  
 In many an evening prayer be heard,  
 And cradle lullaby.

And thou, dear child ! in riper days,  
 When asked the reason of thy name,  
 Shalt answer : " One 'twere vain to praise  
 Or censure bore the same.

Some blamed him, some believed him good—  
 The truth lay, doubtless, 'twixt the two—  
 He reconciled as best he could  
 Old faith and fancies new.

In him the grave and playful mixed,  
 And Wisdom held with Folly truce,

And Nature compromised betwixt  
 Good fellow and recluse.

He loved his friends, forgave his foes,  
 And, if his words were harsh at times,  
 He spared his fellow-men—his blows  
 Fell only on their crimes.

He loved the good and wise, but found  
 His human heart to all akin  
 Who met him on the common ground  
 Of suffering and of sin.

Whate'er his neighbors might endure,  
 Of pain or grief, his own became;  
 For all the ills he could not cure  
 He held himself to blame.

His good was mainly an intent,  
 His evil not of forethought done;  
 The work he wrought was rarely meant  
 Or finished as begun.

Ill served his tides of feeling strong  
 To turn the common mills of use,  
 And over restless wings of song  
 His birth-right garb hung loose.

His eye was Beauty's powerless slave,  
 And his the ear which Discord pains;  
 Few guessed beneath his aspect grave  
 What passions strove in chains.

He had his share of care and pain,  
 No holiday was life to him;  
 Still in the heir-loom cup we drain  
 The bitter drop will swim.

Yet Heaven was kind, and here a bird  
 And there a flower beguiled his way—  
 And cool, in summer noons, he heard  
 The fountains plash and play.

On all his sad or restless moods  
 The patient peace of Nature stole;  
 The quiet of the fields and woods  
 Sank deep into his soul.

He worshipped as his fathers did,  
 And kept the faith of childish days;  
 And, howsoever he strayed or slid,  
 He loved the good old ways,

The simple tastes, the kindly traits,  
 The tranquil air, and gentle speech,  
 The silence of the soul, that waits  
 For more than man to teach.

The cant of party, school, and sect,  
 Provoked at times his honest scorn,  
 And Folly, in its gray respect,  
 He tossed on Satire's horn.

But still his heart was full of awe  
 And reverence for all sacred things;  
 And, brooding over form and law,  
 He saw the Spirit's wings !

Life's mystery wrapt him like a cloud !  
 He heard far voices mock his own,  
 The sweep of wings unseen, the loud,  
 Long roll of waves unknown.

The arrows of his straining sight

Fell quenched in darkness; priest and sage,  
Like lost guides calling left and right,  
Perplexed his doubtful age.

Like childhood listening for the sound  
Of its dropped pebbles in the well,  
All vainly down the dark profound  
His brief-lined plummet fell.

So, scattering flowers with pious pains  
On old beliefs, of later creeds,  
Which claimed a place in Truth's domains,  
He asked the title-deeds.

He saw the old-time's groves and shrines  
In the long distance far and dim,  
And heard, like sound of far-off pines,  
The century-mellowed hymn!

He dared not mock the Dervish whirl,  
The Brahmin's rite, the Lama's spell;  
God knew the heart: Devotion's pearl  
Might sanctify the shell.

While others trod the altar-stairs,  
He faltered like the publican;  
And, while they praised as saints, his prayers  
Were those of sinful man.

For, awed by Sinai's Mount of Law,  
The trembling faith alone sufficed,  
That, through its cloud and flame, he saw  
The sweet, sad face of Christ!

And, listening, with his forehead bowed,  
Heard the Divine compassion fill  
The pauses of the tramp and clod  
With whispers small and still.

The words he spake, the thoughts he penned,  
Are mortal as his hand and brain;  
But, if they served the Master's end,  
He has not lived in vain!

Heaven make thee better than thy name,  
Child of my friends! For thee I crave  
What riches never bought, nor fame  
To mortal longing gave.

I pray the prayer of Plato old:  
God make thee beautiful within,  
And let thine eyes the good behold  
In every thing save sin!

Imagination held in check,  
To serve, not rule, thy poised mind;  
Thy Reason, at the frown or back  
Of Conscience, loose or bind.

No dreamer thou, but real all—  
Strong manhood crowning vigorous youth;  
Life made by duty epical  
And rhythmic with the truth.

So shall that life the fruitage yield  
Which trees of healing only give,  
And green-leaved in the Eternal field  
Of God forever live!

—Harper's Weekly.

## EVENING GUESTS.

If in the silence of this lonely eve,  
With the street-lamp pale flickering on the  
wall,

A spirit were to say to me—"Believe,  
Thou shalt be answered. Call!"—Whom  
should I call?

And then I were to see thee gliding in  
With thy pale robes (that in long empty fold  
Lie in my keeping)—and my fingers, thin  
As thine were once—to feel in thy safe hold;

I should fall weeping on thy neck, and say  
"I have so suffered since—since."—But the  
tears

Would cease, remembering how they count thy  
day,  
A day that is with God a thousand years.

Then, what are these sad weeks, months, years  
of mine  
To thine all-measureless infinitude?  
What my whole life, when myriad lives divine  
May rise, each leading to a higher good?

I lose myself—I faint. Beloved—best!  
Sit in thy olden, dear humanity  
A little while, my head upon thy breast,  
And then I will go back to heaven with thee.

Should I call thee?—Ah no, I would not call!  
But if, by some invisible angel led,  
Thy foot were at the door, thy face, voice—all  
Entering—O joy! O life unto the dead!

Then I, pale-smiling with a deep content;  
Would give to thee thy welcome long un-  
known;  
And 'stead of those kind accents daily sent  
To cheer me, I should hear thine own—thine  
own!

Thou, too, like the beloved guest late gone,  
Wouldst sit and clasp my feeble hand in  
thine;  
'Twould grieve thee to know why it grew so  
wan,  
Therefore I would smile on, and give no sign.

And thou, soft-speaking in the olden voice,  
Perchance with a compassionate tremble  
stirr'd,  
Wouldst change this anguish'd doubt to full  
rejoice,  
And heal my soul with each balm-dropping  
word.

So—talking of things meet for such as we—  
Affection, strong as life, solemn as death,  
Serene as that divine eternity  
Where I shall meet thee, who wert my soul's  
breath—

Upon this crown'd eve of many eves  
Thou know'st—a third of life and all its lore  
Would climax like a breaking wave. Who  
grieves  
Though it should break, and cease forever-  
more? —Chambers' Journal.